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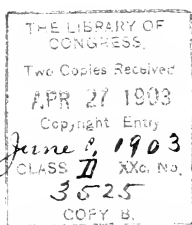
How it *o* **Was Done**

IN JEFFERSON

A Drama in Five Acts

By
FRANK Q. STUART





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How it Was Done

In Jefferson

A Drama in Five Acts

... By ...

FRANK Q. STUART

Chariton, Iowa

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T.-KOCH PRINTING CO.
1903.



Persons of The Play

BENJAMIN H. WENTWORTH

Owner of the Jefferson Railroads.

EDWARD WHITNEY

Manager of the Jefferson Railroads.

PORTER JORDAN

A former official of the Jefferson Railroads; afterward leader of the Equity movement, and finally Governor of the State of Jefferson.

GERALD SLOAN

Counsel for the Jefferson Railroads; afterward one of the leaders in the Equity movement.

BUCK CRANDALL

Leader of the Strikers on the Jefferson Railroads.

LESLIE PELHAM GREY

A scion of the English nobility, and suitor for Miss Wentworth's hand and her father's wealth.

SPRIGGS

An active youth who is a faithful employe of Wentworth and a persistent lover of Cissy.

ARCHIBALD FENTON

Member of the House from Pawnee county. Believes in protecting the people's interests, in opposition to the people's judgment.

LEVINSKY

PRELLER

} Two Anarchists.

HELEN WENTWORTH

Daughter of Wentworth.

GERTRUDE RALSTON

Niece of Wentworth.

TMP96-007189

CISSY

Who runs a "street stan" and sells papers, etc. Loves Spriggs under certain conditions.

SHERIFF, SOLDIERS, STRIKERS, DETECTIVE, ETC.

FIRST ACT.

[*Scene—Meeting of the Equity League, Public Hall, Centralia, Jefferson.*]

JORDAN—Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN—Mr. Jordan.

JORDAN—The Committee on Resolutions is ready to report.

CHAIRMAN—The meeting will now hear the report of the Committee on Resolutions.

JORDAN—[*Reading.*] “Whereas, during the past seven months throughout the State of Jefferson business has been paralyzed and communities have been terrorized by a barbarous contest between a powerful combination of labor and a greedy combination of capital; and

“Whereas, in the name of organized labor brutal crimes have been committed and the violation of the laws of the state has been openly advocated, and in behalf of incorporated capital extortionate freight and passenger charges have been exacted; and

“Whereas, the people of the state of Jefferson have come to learn that both combinations of labor and combinations of capital are purely selfish in nature, incorporated capital being legally aggressive and organized labor being illegally defensive; and

“Whereas, the time has arrived when in the matter of repressing organized lawlessness and restraining incorporated avarice the people should assert their sovereign will,

“Now, therefore, we, the accredited delegates representing more than 200 Equity Clubs throughout the state of Jefferson, with a membership of over 150,000 voters of all parties, do in State League assembled, resolve and declare that

“We sympathize with laboring people in general in all lawful and peaceful efforts on their part for the betterment of their condition; but we denounce the present strike on the Jefferson railroads as unwarranted, and the methods of its leaders as unlawful; and in the name of the people of the state we call upon the Executive Council of the Federation of Railway Employees to bring the strike to an end.

“We are opposed to both labor trusts and capital trusts, and we maintain that neither the one nor the other, nor both combined, shall hereafter be permitted either to rule or to ruin this commonwealth.

“We denounce the arrogance of the Consolidated Jefferson Railway Company exhibited in its dealings with its employes, and we denounce the extortions and oppressions practiced by that Company upon a patient and long-suffering public.

“Recognizing the justness of the policy now in force in nearly every respectable country in the world, the United States being the most notable exception, we declare for state ownership of the public highways known as railways, and for state ownership of all telegraph and long-distance telephone lines—it being understood that the present private owners of these public utilities in Jefferson shall be reimbursed to the extent of the value of the same.

“We are opposed to the monopolization by the Consolidated Jefferson Railway Company of more than 2,000,000 acres of vacant, unused land in this state, while hundreds of thousands of families in this country are homeless; and we demand the condemnation and taking of this land and of land so held by others into the hands of the state, for occupancy and use by the people as homes—it being understood that the present owners of these lands shall be fairly reimbursed for the same, or be allowed five years in which to dispose of them to actual settlers.

“The Equity Clubs of the state of Jefferson are wholly non-political, in the party sense, and they hereby irrevocably bind themselves not to favor any particular party or ticket; but they faithfully pledge themselves to work for the nomination in any and all parties, and for the election, of such candidates as will honestly and faithfully carry out these principles.

“We commend to the careful reading of every voter in the state that epoch-making book entitled ‘HOW IT WAS DONE,’ on the teachings of which the Equity movement is founded.”

CHAIRMAN—You have heard the resolutions; are you ready to vote on their adoption?

CRANDALL—Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN—Mr. Crandall.

CRANDALL—Representing the Federation of Railway Employees on the Consolidated Jefferson roads, I demand a hearing on these resolutions before they are put to a final vote. For the past seven months the employees on these roads have been engaged in one of the greatest strikes known to the history of railroading. We are fighting a battle with one of the strongest aggregations of capital in this country. We are fighting for the rights of men, for our homes and our firesides, for bread for our families. We are waging this battle singlehanded and alone. We have asked no aid nor assistance from any source. We ask none now. But we do ask, and we have a right to expect, reasonable and fair treatment from this organization. These resolutions are neither fair nor reasonable. They are artfully drawn. To my surprise they deal with subjects entirely foreign to the questions at issue between the striking employees and the Jefferson roads. Their evident purpose is to defeat the strike. In the name of oppressed and outraged labor I appeal to the Equity League not to lend itself to this hellish purpose. It is a recognized fact that the phenomenal growth of the Equity movement since the appearance of a sensational and visionary book about a year ago has rendered this movement a dominant force in the affairs of this state. It is the aim of the Consolidated Jefferson Railway Company to bring the powerful influence of this movement to bear against the strikers on the Jefferson roads and to fool the people and weak-kneed workingmen into support of its scheme by throwing out the sops of state ownership of the railroads, the telegraphs and the telephones, and by advocating the abolition of land monopoly. In furtherance of this purpose two able and expert representatives of this conscienceless corporation will doubtless address you today—Mr. Gerald Sloan, the paid attorney of the Jefferson Company, and Mr. Porter Jordan, the Superintendent of Motive Power on the Jefferson system, and who in the interest of that Company has just submitted these resolutions. The one is a shrewd and experienced corporation lawyer; the other is an adroit and resourceful railroad man, who sometimes prides himself on having risen from the ranks of labor, but who, throughout this strike, has proven himself a traitor to the cause of labor, and today has the effrontery to

appear in this meeting as the pretended champion of the people, while in fact he is secretly serving his corporation master. But the interest of these two distinguished corporation advocates is not limited to the Jefferson Company, nor to the President of that Company. Observing persons have noted the fact that it extends with greatly increased intensity to the family of the President of the Company. The following interesting item from the society columns of a New York paper throws some light on the subject: [*Reading.*]

“Mr. Benjamin H. Wentworth, together with his charming daughter, Helen, and her accomplished cousin, Miss Ralston, have returned to Jefferson. They will make but a brief stay there, however, their intention being to sail for Europe as soon as Mr. Wentworth has disposed of some important business in connection with his Jefferson roads. They will remain abroad several months. Their prolonged absence will be felt in New York, and it is to be regretted that the select social functions of the current season will not be enlivened by their presence.”

Prompted by both sentiment and material interest, these two able advocates of the Jefferson Company will certainly distinguish themselves before this meeting. What is the Consolidated Jefferson Company, anyway? It is Benj. H. Wentworth, the multi-millionaire. Who owns all the stock of this fictional company, except two or three shares that are placed in the hands of convenient friends for the purpose of perpetuating the corporation? Benj. H. Wentworth, the railway magnate, who lives in New York, sojourns in Europe, and exists for brief periods of time in Jefferson while putting in operation his matured plans for the systematic robbery of our people and the complete enslavement of workingmen. Who is it that owns all the railroads in this state, and levies such tribute from the people as he sees fit to exact? Who is it that by hook or crook has appropriated to himself millions of acres of land which he withholds from use by placing upon it prices entirely beyond the reach of homeseekers? It is Benj. H. Wentworth, the heartless, grinding money shark, who by these resolutions is asking you to help him weld the chains and rivet the shackles of labor. The tyrannies practiced by this man

upon a cringing public and upon cowardly employes who have not the manhood to defend their rights are a disgrace to civilization. I hold in my hand a copy of an order issued by him a year ago to the heads of certain departments of his roads. It reads like the ukase of a Czar: [*Reading.*]

“No free pass, either trip or annual, shall hereafter be issued to anybody not a good-faith employe of the Company, whose name appears on the pay rolls as such. No passes to ‘friends’ of the Company; we don’t want any friends that we have to buy, and our Company will no longer submit to blackmail from highwaymen of the highly respectable ilk. None to newspaper people; if we do any advertising, let us pay for it; if editors and publishers ride on our trains let them pay for it. None to judges of courts, none to legislators, none to public officials of high or low degree; they are supposed to work for the State; let the State pay them.

“No rebates, drawbacks, concessions or special privileges of any kind or character to any business corporation, concern or individual. The law says we are a public servant, a common carrier, and should treat everybody alike.

“No half fares nor excursion rates to particular classes of people; if favors are to be extended, they should be extended to everybody alike.

“Without discrimination or favoritism of any kind, I want our roads to charge the public generally as high rates as we can legally obtain. The new schedules are framed with that end in view, and you will see to it that they are strictly adhered to.”

It is by these methods that this grasping financial fiend filches from the people of Jefferson their substance, imperiously exacting from them the highest freight and passenger rates charged by any railway system in America. No wonder he occupies a prominent place in the financial circles of New York. No wonder he stands high in the estimation of the financial thieves of Wall Street. No wonder that a fawning organ of that hotbed of legalized larceny speaks of him in the following fulsome terms:

[*Reading.*] “The rise of Benj. H. Wentworth in the financial world has been phenomenal in its rapidity during the past

ten years. His speculative operations have been in railway stocks and bonds in general, but his permanent investments seem all to have been made in the railway properties and lands in that portion of the West comprised within the limits of the newly created state of Jefferson. As purchaser under the foreclosure sales two and three years ago, he became, virtually, the sole owner of the Southern, the Northern, and the Central Jefferson roads, aggregating some 900 miles, and of the accompanying lands, amounting to more than 2,000,000 acres. The stupendous cash deal by which he acquired these properties at once stamped Mr. Wentworth as one of the top-notchers among our men of many millions."

The taxpayers, the farmers and ranchmen, the traveling and shipping public, the workingmen of this fair state know too well "upon what meat doth this, our Caesar, feed, that he is grown so great." The starving families of his employes know too well this monarchal millionaire, this stall-fed financial baron who seeks to control legislatures, make and unmake United States senators, elect judges, rule municipalities and formulate laws; this financial emperor whose principality is the new and promising commonwealth of Jefferson and who today is endeavoring to use this great organization of the people for the purpose of crushing labor and more firmly establishing his sovereignty. Will you aid him in his develish work? The adoption of these resolutions will mean that the Equity Clubs of Jefferson are the friends of incorporated greed and the foes of honest labor. It will mean that in your infatuation for the teachings of a fool book and its crazy scheme of State ownership of the railroads you will not hesitate to make yourselves the pliant tools of a human hyena and the relentless persecutors of your fellow men. What do workingmen care for State ownership of railroads? What good would the abolition of land monopoly do us? What we want, and intend to have, is shorter hours of work and better pay for our labor. If you are determined to array yourselves and this movement against the Federation of Labor, if it is your set purpose to down the strikers who for the past seven months have been battling for their rights, I give you fair warning that your self-imposed task will not be an easy one. The men back of this

strike, an army of determined workingmen, will not submit to this capitalistic tyranny. They will to the utmost resist the purpose of these resolutions, and will, if necessary, meet force with force and draw blood for blood, regardless of consequences. Let the responsibility rest where it may.

SLOAN—Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN—Mr. Sloan.

SLOAN—In view of what has been said by the preceding speaker, I suppose it is not necessary for me to announce that I appear before this meeting as the representative of the Consolidated Jefferson Railway Company. I regret the necessity of being compelled to agree with the spokesman of the strikers in anything, for it must be quite clear to everyone who has heard him, that he is an anarchist in principle and a revolutionist in practice. But, like him, the Company which I represent is opposed to these resolutions, though upon grounds entirely different from those upon which he bases his objections. The Company opposes the resolutions for the reasons that it is prepared to show that its dealings with its employes have been entirely fair and honorable, and its dealings with the public have been in strict accord with the laws of the state, and that therefore it is not properly subject to censure in these matters. The Company does not even ask a public denunciation of the strikers by this meeting. It relies upon the courts to enforce the existing laws in regard to interference with the operation of its trains. That the attitude of the Company with respect to these resolutions may be a surprise to the spokesman of the strikers, is a matter of small concern. I may say, however, in this connection, that the resolutions, as submitted by your Committee, are a surprise to me, as well as to the representative of the strikers. I had supposed that the discussion here today, and the action of your meeting would be limited to the matters in controversy between the railway company and the strikers. As to the issues of State ownership of railways, and the abolition of land monopoly, I have no doubt that the Jefferson Company will meet them when they are presented in a tangible form for legislative action, but at present, pursuant to my instructions, I shall confine my remarks to the matters directly at issue between the Jefferson

Company and the strikers on the Jefferson roads. We have listened to a tirade of coarse abuse directed against the Jefferson Company and its President, but not a single argument has been advanced that in the remotest degree tends to show that the contention of the strikers with the Company is a just one. The entire harangue of the gentleman may be summed up in the reckless assertions that Benj. H. Wentworth is a rich man, and therefore a financial fiend and a human hyena; and that the Jefferson roads charge the public high freight and passenger rates. If all this were true, it would not justify the strikers in undertaking to control the business of the Jefferson Company nor in interfering with the operation of trains and the tying up of the traffic on the entire system, nor in taking forcible possession of the Company's property, nor in criminally assaulting and beating employes who do not belong to the Federation, nor in disabling locomotives, burning cars and ditching trains, as has been done within the past few weeks. It is well to bear in mind that the real contention of these gentlemen who propose to control the business of a great railway system, dictate policies to the people of Jefferson, and, if necessary, in opposition to the constituted authorities of the state, "meet force with force and draw blood for blood." Here are the "demands" upon the rejection of which this strike was inaugurated:

[*Reading*] "(1) Eight hours to constitute a day's work in the operating and mechanical departments of the system, with double pay for all work over time.

"(2) No persons not members of the Federation to be employed in either of these departments.

"(3) No employe in either of these departments to be discharged, or suspended for a period of more than fifteen days, without the written approval of the Executive Council of the Federation.

"(4) The wages paid in these departments to be fixed by the Executive Council of the Federation and to be subject to revision by the Council every six months."

From these "demands" it will readily be seen that the real question at issue between the Company and the strikers is, whether the Company or the Federation is to manage the

Company's business. No claim is made that the Jefferson Company does not pay as high wages as are paid to railway employes anywhere in the United States. On the contrary, I hold in my hand a tabulated statement which shows that this Company pays exactly $10\frac{1}{2}$ per cent higher wages in all its departments than are paid by any other railway system in America, and the labor statistics of the state show that the railway employes of Jefferson receive, on an average, 13 per cent higher wages than are paid to any other class of wage earners in the state. These facts are indisputable, and they prove beyond question that whatever charges may justly be brought against the Jefferson Company, the employes of the company certainly have no ground for complaint against it. It should be remembered that this unreasonable, this wholly groundless strike would never have occurred but for the wicked machinations and high-handed methods of the loud-mouthed agitator to whom you have listened today. It is a matter of history that in the deliberations of the Federation eight months ago the "demands" on which the strike is based were opposed by many of the best men in that organization, and that they were finally adopted by a very slender majority. Who was the recognized power that forced the "demands" through the Federation meeting? Who was it that brought on this terrible battle between the Jefferson Company and its employes—a conflict that has injured the business interests of Jefferson beyond calculation, cost the employes themselves many thousands of dollars in the loss of wages, damaged railway property greatly, and that has finally resulted in a series of crimes that are a menace to the stability of government itself? It was Buck Crandall, the self-constituted "workingman's friend" and peripatetic delegate, who had but recently come from no one knows where—probably from some less credulous clime, for reasons best known to himself; Buck Crandall, the defender of the "oppressed millions"; one of those ubiquitous champions of labor who themselves most dearly love to labor with their lungs and who work most industriously with their jaws. And a man of this class is commissioned to advocate the meritless cause of the strikers before this meeting of intelligent citizens of Jefferson! The strikers say that Mr. Wentworth is a wealthy man.

True; but he acquired his wealth honestly, by strictly legal means, and no man can say aught against his personal character. They say he owns all the railroads in Jefferson. Granted; but he bought them and paid for them—purchased three bankrupt lines of road, thoroughly equipped them, and now furnishes to the people of Jefferson as good a railway service as can be found in any part of the country. At the invitation of the laws enacted by the representatives of the people of Jefferson, Mr. Wentworth brought his wealth into this state and invested it here. Is this a crime? They say his roads charge high freight and passenger rates. The answer is, they charge not one cent in excess of what the law allows. If the laws are wrong, let the people, who are responsible for the laws, change them; let it not be said that the people of this state countenance and encourage the persecution of men of capital for conducting their business in strict accordance with the laws of the state. When the farmer sells his wheat, he gets the highest price he can; when the laborer takes a job, he gets the highest wage he can; and when the professional man renders services, he usually exacts "all that the traffic will bear." Shall the railroad owner be held to a different rule? They say that Mr. Wentworth is a land monopolist. He is not the only land monopolist in this state. Unfortunately land monopoly is sanctioned and even encouraged by the laws of this and of other states. The people of Jefferson are themselves responsible for the laws that legalize the holding of large tracts of land by individuals for speculative purposes. When the people of this state shall awaken to a full realization of the evils of their land laws, and shall undertake by rational means to put an end to land monopoly, I venture to predict that Benj. H. Wentworth, land monopolist though he be, will bow more gracefully to the people's will and come nearer proving himself a law-abiding citizen than any government-hating, bomb-throwing anarchist that ever breathed the free air of a self-governing republic.

JORDAN—Mr. Chairman.

CHAIRMAN—Mr. Jordan.

JORDAN—The representative of the strikers has charged that in supporting these resolutions I am acting in the interest and at the instance of the Jefferson Railway Company. The fact

that the company through its regularly appointed attorney is opposing the resolutions ought to be a sufficient answer to the charge, but possibly this letter [*Holds letter in his hand.*], which was written some ten days ago, will supply a more satisfactory refutation. [*Reads letter.*] "Porter Jordan, Centralia—Dear Sir:—Your resignation is received. In view of the fact that you have espoused the principles of the so-called Equity movement—which principles are diametrically opposed to the interests of this Company—your resignation is accepted. You will be relieved at the end of the month. Yours truly, Edward Whitney, Manager." The spokesman of the strikers also says that I pride myself on having sprung from the ranks of labor, but that throughout the present strike I have proved myself a traitor to the cause of labor. It is true that I am not ashamed of having come from the ranks of labor, but I most emphatically deny that I have during the present strike or at any other time been a traitor to the cause of labor. I was an active member of labor organizations for ten years and my record was clear. In recent years the scope of my employment has rendered me ineligible to membership in the Federation.

CRANDALL—You have opposed the strike.

JORDAN—Yes, and so did 46 per cent of the membership of your own organization. This is shown by the vote on the "demands" at the time you forced them through the Federation meeting. I have been opposed to the strike for the same reason that nearly half the membership of your own organization opposed it at the outstart, viz., because it is an unreasonable and unrighteous contention.

CRANDALL—You are opposing the Federation, and you know it.

JORDAN—I am not opposing the Federation; I am opposing you, sir, and your criminal methods [*A voice: "Give it to him, Jordan!"*], the same as I am opposing the arbitrary and oppressive policies of the Company which I lately served; and I give you fair notice, sir, that the Executive Council of the Federation which you claim to represent will be called upon either to endorse or repudiate your methods and policies. [*Voices: "Hurrah for Jordan! Hurrah for Jordan!"*]

CRANDALL—You are supporting these resolutions and have gone back on labor unionism.

JORDAN—I have not gone back on labor unionism, I have gone ahead of it, as it is represented by men like you. I have gone back on monopoly—both capital and labor monopoly. But men of your class are standing where mere strikers too frequently stand—for labor monopoly all the time, as against the millions of working people who do not belong to your unions; and for capital monopoly as against the whole people just as long as you think that capital is giving you a fair division of its filchings from the public. [*Cheers. A Voice: "He's the man for Governor!"*] Fellows like you don't lose any sleep about the corporation robberies of "the dear people." The only question with you is, are the corporations "whacking up" with you "on the level." "What do we care for State ownership of the railways, or abolition of land monopoly?" said the spokesman of the strikers awhile ago; "what we want is shorter hours and higher wages." And it should not be forgotten that only last winter this same Federation passed resolutions in opposition to two important bills then pending before the state legislature—one for the reduction of passenger fares to two cents a mile, and one to establish reasonable and uniform freight rates. And are not the railway company and the strikers standing shoulder to shoulder today in opposing the resolutions now pending before this meeting? Let it be understood that I do not oppose labor unionism *per se*. Labor organization has been a necessary defensive force for the protection of labor against the encroachments and aggressions of incorporated capital. It has done great good in awakening and educating the working classes up to a clearer conception of their interests. But labor unionism furnishes no solution to the great politico-economic problems that confront us as a nation and a state. The labor union will never abolish a corporation. It is itself a corporation in principle. The Federation of Labor will never abolish a trust. It is itself a trust in principle. Organizations of labor will never abolish monopolies. They are themselves devoted to the upbuilding of monopoly—monopoly of employment in the various fields of manual labor—and in nine cases out of ten, where the selfish

interests of the unions themselves are not involved, you will find the unions morally arrayed on the side of incorporated capital in all contests between the latter and the public at large. While I shall ever be one of the last to disparage the real good that has been accomplished for the working classes by labor organizations, I have for a long time realized that labor unionism offered no logical solution to the real questions at issue. As a citizen and a man I have for years earnestly tried to find the correct solution, and I have finally succeeded in finding it.

CRANDALL—In that crazy book with a fool title?

JORDAN—[*Holding book aloft in his hand.*] In this greatest economic work of the century, called, "HOW IT WAS DONE." [*Loud cheers.*] This book, whose facts and figures are indisputable, and whose arguments are unanswerable; this book which is revolutionizing this state, and which is heartily hated alike by the anarchist and the privilege-pampered millionaire, the professional labor agitator and the wily trust promoter, the state socialist and the corrupt politician, and by all the fad worshipping devotees of the various irrational ickies, ories and isms that have from time to time been promulgated for the political regeneration and social rejuvenation of mankind—hated and despised simply because it makes justice and truth so plain and exposes fraud and sophistry so glaringly that a wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot fail to comprehend. [*Great applause.*] In this great book I have found that for which I have been searching for many years—the rational, just and adequate solution of the problems of labor and capital. I have found that legalized monopoly in its various forms is the curse of this country, and that its total abolition, and that alone, will usher in a new day—a new day not only for the laboring people, but for the tradespeople, the professional people,—in short for everybody who is being crowded to the wall or trampled under foot by the frightful competition that has been engendered by congested conditions; by unnatural conditions that are the direct and necessary results of legalized monopoly. I have found that the only way to "control" a trust is to abolish it; that the only way to "regulate" a monopoly of any kind, is to abolish it outright; and that the only way to abolish trusts and monopolies is to repeal the laws that legalize

them. I have further found that the laws which legalize trusts and monopolies, which create and sustain them, are state laws, not national; that land monopoly is legalized and sustained by state, not national legislation; that railway monopoly and all other forms of corporate monopoly are legalized and sustained by state laws for the organization of corporations for pecuniary profit, and not by national legislation. What is a railway? A railway is simply an improved highway; a locomotive is an improved horse; a car is an improved wagon. What intelligent person would for one moment entertain the proposal to turn over to a private corporation, or to one man doing business under the name and style of a corporation, the common highways of a state, together with the vehicles and the means of locomotion used thereon? The proposition is too preposterous for serious consideration. And yet this is exactly what our state statutes do with respect to the improved highways known as railways! Viewed in the proper light, it is a system of monopoly for which there is absolutely no defense in logic or common sense. The attorney for the railway company says, "If the laws are wrong, change them." That is just what the Equity movement intends to do. It intends to bring about these changes legally, peacefully and with entire fairness to all concerned. It intends that the state shall operate the railways at actual cost to the people, and forever put a stop to such barbarous battles between labor and capital as this which has demoralized our state for the past seven months. It proposes that the public and not private individuals shall own and operate all public utilities. The spokesman of the strikers characterizes this proposal as visionary and foolish. And yet the United States is about the only respectable country in the world today where the railroads are not owned and operated in whole or in part by the state. In this country the first railroad that was constructed was built and owned by the Government; but financial schemers saw that there was big money in it, and they planned to obtain it as their own private property. And from such beginnings, founded in avarice and fraud, the pernicious doctrine of private monopoly of public utilities has, by procured legislation and influenced judicial decisions, gradually and stealthily engrafted itself on our governmental system,

to which it adheres with leech-like tenacity, feeding like a vampire on the substance of the people. There has been enough given to railway companies in this country, in lands and subsidies, to build all the railroads twice over; and yet today nearly every railway in the country is bonded and mortgaged for more than double its full value, and the people are forced to pay freight and passenger rates that will enable the companies to pay large dividends on false capitalizations amounting to millions upon millions of dollars. It is the purpose of the Equity League to correct these abuses in the one sovereign state of Jefferson, at least. It is its purpose to abolish land monopoly root and branch, and to secure to every person who desires it, a home, as God intended all should have. "The land shall not be sold forever; for the land is mine; for ye are strangers and sojourners with me," is as true today as it was when thundered in the tabernacle of the congregation three thousand years ago. Natural law is above and superior to all other laws. It is binding over all the earth, in all countries, at all times, and under all circumstances. No human-made laws are of any validity if contrary to it. Under natural law there is no valid or binding title to land other than the natural and just title of occupancy and use. This is as true today as it was when promulgated by the early juriconsults and writers on fundamental law. "Any human statute in contravention of natural justice is void," is as true today as it was when announced as a judicial edict by Chief Justice Hobart of England over a hundred years ago. To think that there is sufficient land in one great state of this Union to supply homes for all the teeming millions of people that inhabit the earth, one-half acre to each family of five persons, and still leave, in that one state, 28,000,000 acres to spare! And yet today, under the legislation of that same state, a comparatively few men and corporations are permitted to monopolize and hold out of use for speculative purposes all that vast expanse of God's footstool, while millions of homeless families in this country have neither vine nor fig tree! For nineteen hundred years hath the spirit of love labored with men, and yet, oh, our Father, "the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man hath not where to lay his head!"

To think that in this beautiful state of Jefferson one man is permitted to hold out of use, for purely speculative purposes, over 2,000,000 acres of land, an area sufficient to supply 50,000 families with homes of 40 acres each, while thousands of American children smother and die in overcrowded tenements and garrets, never having known the real meaning of the sacred word Home! Talk about American civilization, while by vicious legislation seven-tenths of our population are denied the exercise of the natural God-given right to occupy and use the surface of the earth! From tomes of musty precedents reeking with injustice and fraud, must we turn to the aboriginal savage to learn anew the fundamental, God-ordained truth that every human being on this planet is entitled to a place to live, a home, free from mortgages, trust deeds, bonds, leases, judgments or other fictitious liens and titles founded, as the greatest writer on law says, "in the craft and ambition of men"? Have we forgotten that for more than a century the practically defenseless red men, without written or printed code, edict of king, act of legislature or decree of court, but relying alone on the innate sense of justice implanted in their breasts by Almighty God, maintained and retained their just system of land tenure, individual occupancy and use, as against the constant and conscienceless aggressions of the all-powerful white man who, by artifice, fraud and force, the legerdmain of legislation, and in flagrant violation of sacred treaties, sought to deprive them of their natural birthright? But enough. I cannot here expound at length the truths contained in this incomparable book. These truths may not be pleasing to either anarchists or land monopolists, the professional labor agitator or the privilege-entrenched corporation magnate; but I can say to them one and all, that their irrational contentions, their wicked theories, their corrupt methods, plans and policies have been carefully considered by at least 150,000 voters of this state of Jefferson, to whom the truths contained in this book are very dear, and that though in their blindness they may not see it, the handwriting is on the wall—"MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN!"

A DELEGATE—Mr. Chairman, I move that the resolutions as read be adopted, and that it be expressed as the sense of this

meeting that the Equity Clubs of the State of Jefferson shall select and support as their candidate for Governor, Porter Jordan of Centralia. [*Applause and cheers and great uproar from the strikers.*]

CRANDALL—In the name of outraged labor I denounce this whole proceeding as a fraud and a farce, concocted and engineered by Benj. H. Wentworth and his paid hirelings, and I call upon all workingmen who are ready to fight for their rights to follow me. [CRANDALL leaves the hall, followed by strikers, anarchists, etc., shouting, "Down with the State!" "Property is robbery!" "Hurrah for anarchy!" "To the shops!" "To the shops!" etc.]

VOICES—Question! Question! Question!

CHAIRMAN—All who favor the motion will signify it by saying "Aye!" [Unanimous "Aye" vote and loud cheers.]

Curtain.

SECOND ACT.

[*Scene—Wentworth's home in Centralia. SPRIGGS enters hastily, deposits some letters on escritoire and exits into another part of the house. In a minute he returns.*]

SPRIGGS—They's somethin' curus goin' to happen 'round here. The young ladies pear awful glad to git back, but the ole governor's underjaw don't look just right when he's readin' them newspapers—an then he told me to leave the trunks in his car, an to tell Barclay he wouldn't want the carriages. [*Enter Cissy, newspapers under one arm and flowers in other hand.*] Hello, Cissy, I must have that kiss—one every day till you marry me. [*Tries to kiss her.*]

CISSY—[*Beating him off.*] Go way, you coyote; you git no kisses from me. These flowers are for Miss Ralston, from Mr. Jordan; an here's one I brought for Miss Wentworth. Are they goin to stay here in Centralee for awhile?

SPRIGGS—About two weeks. I thought, but it now looks more like two days. On the dead, Cissy, I'm thinkin there's somethin about the curves of Jordan and Miss Ralston, or

Sloan an Miss Wentwort, or Crandall an the strikers, or that gang of yammerin Equityites that don't ezactly suit the ole Gubernor.

CISSY—Well, I should think not, but he'd better tend to the strikers an his railroads, an leave them sweet young ladies alone.

SPRIGGS—Well, whatever, er whoever it is, they'd better look out, fer the ole man is chalkin his cue. But Holy Moses, Cissy, wasn't the town alive wid them Equityites? Where the devil did they be all comin frum?

CISSY—Ain't I been makin slathers of money be sellin their book at me street stan?

SPRIGGS—What's that book got to do wid them?

CISSY—Why, readin the book be the thousans have made them start incubatin schools, an now the hull state do be filled wid em like fleas on a dog's back.

SPRIGGS—Well, that was a great powwow they had yisti-day, an they went agin the strikers.

CISSY—Yes, and agin ole Wentwort, too.

SPRIGGS—I wuz up dere an Mr. Sloan made de best speech yoe ever heerd.

CISSY—Not on yer forty-four! I wuz dere meself, an Porter Jordan talked de microbes offin de hull shootin match.

SPRIGGS—But he wuz fer de state's ownin de railroads!

CISSY—Yis, an he's dead right. De people's been chumps fer allowin ole Wentwort to own all de railroads an charge tree prices fer everyting.

SPRIGGS—Sufferin Cyrus, Cissy! Do ye be advocatin arnicky?

CISSY—Naw, I'm not advocatin arnicky. Dat ain't arnicky. Yer ought to read dat book an git some sense in yer head.

SPRIGGS—Ye'll be makin a crank of me!

CISSY—I'll be makin a man of ye.

SPRIGGS—Wantin me to wear whiskers down to me knees an be reachin aroun an talkin in me own ear about de oppressed and sufferin millions.

CISSY—A frien of de people!

SPRIGGS—A jabberin trust-buster, wid a bushel of crazy ideas, an not a shirt to me back!

CISSY—A champeen of trut an justice, like Porter Jordan!

SPRIGGS—Say, Sissy, I'm not put up for dis worl-savin bizness. I'm for Mr. Wentwort an de Jefferson roads in gineral, an fer Cissy, de Queen of de Street, in paticular.

CISSY—Well, I'm gittin dis Equity fever purty bad, an I don't know about dat ole guy Wentwort. [*Erit.*]

SPRIGGS—Dat goil'll be de deat of me yit. [*Takes flowers. Enter WENTWORTH with newspaper in hand.*]

WENTWORTH—Tell Miss Ralston I wish to see her.

SPRIGGS—Yis, sir. [*Exit with flowers.*]

WENTWORTH—It will never do! Never! The stakes are too great! She must be sacrificed! "Interest not limited to the Jefferson Company, nor to its President!" "Extends with greatly increased intensity to the family of the President!" "Prompted by both sentiment and material interest!" Damn the newspapers! [*Enter GERTRUDE.*] Gertude, you know what the newspapers are saying. Your relations with Mr. Jordan must cease at once.

GERTRUDE—But—Uncle—you have not hitherto objected—and—

WENTWORTH—The situation is wholly changed; his attitude toward me and my interests is entirely different. You know what I have at stake; you know about his speech before the Equity League; you know of the coarse insinuations of that man Crandall—

GERTRUDE—But—Uncle—I—

WENTWORTH—Gertrude, must I remind you of your promise to your mother? This relation must be broken off at once! We will return to New York tonight, and will sail for Europe the first of the week.

GERTRUDE—But—I—may—tell—Mr. Jordan—

WENTWORTH—Tell him nothing; I forbid it. But you may leave a letter for him, saying what you like, but that

must end all communication. [*Exit GERTRUDE.*] And her's is the old-fashioned kind of love—the kind my sainted sister gave to her father, and his sister gave to me. But it can't be helped! The public, the rabble *must not* suspect! It would ruin all! [*Enter HELEN.*]

HELEN—Poor Gertrude—it will kill her, father—is there no other way?

WENTWORTH—None, my child, none! And, Helen, you are more or less interested in Gerald Sloan?

HELEN—During our stays in Jefferson, and his visits in New York, I have found Mr. Sloan to be a very interesting and highminded gentleman. I—think—a great deal of him—father.

WENTWORTH—Well, I think a great deal of him myself. He is one of the ablest young lawyers in the West, and his father was one of the truest men I ever knew. But these are trying times, my daughter, trying times—no times for sentiment. Every day brings changes. There are liable to be developments that will test every fibre of his character—and you may change your opinion of him—or he may change his opinion of you. Guard your affections, Helen; guard your manner.

HELEN—For—how—long—father?

WENTWORTH—For how long? Forever, if need be!

HELEN—I—shall endeavor to heed your words—father. [*Exit.*]

WENTWORTH—And she may have to suffer too! All for the “dear people,” damn them! [*Enter WHITNEY and SLOAN.*] How about the injunction?

WHITNEY—It has been granted. The writ will be issued tomorrow.

SLOAN—But we will not serve it until late in the evening, when the strikers will be least expecting anything, and when the movement of the soldiers will attract the least attention.

WENTWORTH—The sheriff will be amply supported by soldiers?

SLOAN—Yes, in any numbers that may be required.

WENTWORTH.—The soldiers will not know for what purpose they are ordered out?

SLOAN—No. They will be brought down Vernon Street, and the sheriff and I will join them at the yards, opposite the shops.

WHITNEY—The force of new men will follow the soldiers closely, and will be installed in the shops when the strikers are expelled, and will be kept there under military protection.

WENTWORTH—Be prepared for every emergency. There may be a nasty fight.

WHITNEY—Yes, I have been cautioning Sloan about Crandall. I regard that fellow as the most desperate and crafty man I have ever known.

WENTWORTH—Have you obtained any reliable evidence in regard to the car-burning and engine business, yet?

SLOAN—No, but I have faith that we shall yet trace it all to Crandall, where it undoubtedly belongs.

WENTWORTH—Well, in every move you make, you must keep us within the limits of the law, Sloan. This will end the strike. They can't stand out against the court's decree and the State's soldiery.

WHITNEY—But how about this craze for State ownership of the roads and confiscation of our lands? It seems to me that these issues are really graver than this seven months' strike.

WENTWORTH—Well, "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." I suppose we will have to meet these issues in the legislature next winter. At present, however, we will not borrow trouble.

WHITNEY—I fear you do not fully realize the gravity of the situation. In all my experience in railroading, I have never known an agitation against railroads to assume anything like the proportions of this. I tell you there is danger ahead, grave danger.

SLOAN—The meeting of yesterday was a sufficient proof that the movement has great strength; and it must be admitted

that the speech of Porter Jordan was a most powerful exposition of their doctrines.

WHITNEY—Yes, the truth is, that that incendiary book has set the people of the state wild, and, great as our Company is, it can't afford to lose many such men as Porter Jordan. I fear they will elect him Governor, and carry the legislature.

WENTWORTH—Well, I don't see that we can do anything at present to stay the storm. I don't much believe in repressive measures, anyway. We will have to wait until the matter comes up in the legislature.

WHITNEY—I beg your pardon, Mr. Wentworth, but I think we might do a great deal. You know that last year I thought you were making a serious mistake in placing our rates at such high figures and in doing away with all passes, rebates, etc. I think we ought to change our policy: "Sugar" a few influential men in each community with passes, etc., and "fix" the newspapers. I tell you a railway company must have its friends.

WENTWORTH—No, Whitney, I value your worth as a manager, and I appreciate your frankness, but I cannot consent to a change of policy. Let matters take their course until the legislature meets. We will then play a card or two—trust me. You will settle the strikers tomorrow. I shall return to New York tonight.

SLOAN—Will Miss Wentworth and Miss Ralston accompany you?

WENTWORTH—Yes, and we will leave for Europe next week.

WHITNEY—Well, we will do the best we can here, and will keep you posted as to developments. By the way, who is this Pelham Grey, of New York, or London? He came in this morning and, assuming to represent the Ford-Drexel system in Texas and the Southwest, proffered their support to us in this strike matter. I could not understand what he was getting at.

WENTWORTH—Oh, I guess he imagines that he is representing the English bondholders in those lines, but that isn't

really what is the matter with him. I think he is harmless. [*Rising. WHITNEY and SLOAN also rise.*] I will go down to the offices with you.

SLOAN—I shall not go at present; I wish to see Miss Wentworth.

WHITNEY—Very well.

WENTWORTH—[*Taps call bell and SPRIGGS appears.*] Tell Miss Wentworth that Mr. Sloan wishes to see her. [*Exit SPRIGGS. Exeunt WENTWORTH and WHITNEY. Enter HELEN, and she and SLOAN greet each other.*]

SLOAN—I am sorry to learn that you will return to New York at once.

HELEN—Yes, I had hoped that we would remain here for a fortnight at least.

SLOAN—You still like Jefferson as well as New York?

HELEN—Oh, yes, I have always liked Jefferson, and absence tends to increase, rather than to diminish the liking.

SLOAN—That is most gratifying to at least one inhabitant of Jefferson, I can assure you, Miss Wentworth. I had feared that the splendor of New York society and the anticipatory glamor and gradeur of things European might have driven from your mind all thoughts of Jefferson.

HELEN—Ah, no; that were not an easy thing to do. Our friends here are very dear to us, and, whether we may be in New York or abroad, we shall always remember them with gratitude for having in various ways contributed to the pleasure of our visits here during the past two years. I feel that in this regard we are specially indebted to you, Mr. Sloan.

SLOAN—The mere knowledge that I have been a factor in rendering your visits in Jefferson pleasant ones, is more than ample reward for my efforts; for, in seeking to beguile you I was most selfishly contributing to my own highest enjoyment.

HELEN—[*Deliberately.*]—That is a very high compliment—from one who, I have observed, usually weighs his words well.

SLOAN—That you think so—coming from me—gives me a happiness and hope I would fain express. May I say more?

HELEN—No—not now.

SLOAN—But the poor tribute does not offend you?

HELEN—No—but you must not talk in this vein—now.

SLOAN—When may I—Helen?

HELEN—Oh—I do not know—maybe in one or two years—maybe never!

SLOAN—Why—what do you mean—Helen?

HELEN—Oh—do not ask—I do not know—I may change my opinion of you—or, worse still, you may change your opinion of me.

SLOAN—I shall not change. May I write to you?

HELEN—No—it cannot be—not now.

SLOAN—Or visit you in New York?

HELEN—I must not say so.

SLOAN—But—Helen you love me!

HELEN—I mustn't—you must go!

SLOAN—But I may entertain hope?

HELEN—The tribute of your regard is the highest tribute I have ever received—or hope to receive. I cannot say—or hear—more now. Go—*mon ami—mon cher!* [*Exit SLOAN, Enter GERTRUDE.*]

GERTRUDE—Oh, Helen, this grief is more than I can bear! I wish I were dead.

HELEN—Courage dear cousin—I too have a cross—we must be brave.

GERTRUDE—It cannot be that Gerald Sloan has incurred your father's displeasure!

HELEN—No—but I fear the worst. Father has warned me against our attachment, and I have just parted from Mr. Sloan, leaving him in a state of utter uncertainty.

GERTRUDE—This is cruelty!

HELEN—And I could not tell him why—he will never know the cost to me—and the thought that he may misjudge me will haunt me day and night!

GERTRUDE—Must our hearts be crushed! Must these noble men be spurned like dogs, for the sake of the Jefferson roads! Shall we—shall I—submit to it! But the promise to my mother!

HELEN—We must teach ourselves to bear, Gertrude, and have hope. There may come a time—

GERTRUDE—You well know your father will never yield an inch. And Porter Jordan will never surrender his principles—not even for love!

HELEN—Dear cousin—

GERTRUDE—But he shall know the reason why! He shall know I am not untrue! Oh, my mother! [*Enter SPRIGGS.*]

SPRIGGS—Mr. Leslie Pelham Grey!

HELEN—At such a time as this! [*To SPRIGGS.*] Show him in. [*Exit SPRIGGS.*] I dread this meeting!

GERTRUDE—I should think he could have awaited your return to New York. But the persistency of wealth-hunting often outstrips the bravery of love. Wise is the woman who can distinguish the difference. But why should I talk of love! [*Exit GERTRUDE. Enter GREY.*]

GREY—Aw, I am delighted to see you, Miss Wentworth. It seems like an age since I saw you in New York a few days ago.

HELEN—Thank you, Mr. Grey. We shall return to New York soon.

GREY—Aw, yes. But I can scarcely forgive you for leaving New York so suddenly without letting those who venture to count themselves your best friends know anything about your intended departure.

HELEN—I am sure I meant no inattention to my friends.

GREY—And, aw, you must know that your absences, brief or prolonged, without even an indirect assurance at any time that we occupy your thoughts, are not, aw, conducive to our peace of mind.

HELEN—Mr. Grey, you compel me to observe that your veiled compliments are not bestowed with that discrimination which their studied wording merits.

GREY—Eh, aw, I read in the papers of your intended departure for Europe.

HELEN—Yes.

GREY—And, aw, fearing that I might not catch you in New York, I have combined pleasure with a business trip and hastened to see you here, aw, that I might beg the privilege of accompanying you to London and prevailing upon you to spend a week at the country seat of my uncle, the marquis.

HELEN—That is very thoughtful in you, but we shall find it impossible to accept of your uncle's hospitality.

GREY—Aw, I assure you, Miss Wentworth, my uncle is a most considerate gentleman. You would feel no constraint whatever in his presence.

HELEN—Ah?

GREY—No, indeed; the marquis has a very clear conception of the ways of this country and its people, and, eh, aw, to tell the truth, he is more tolerant in many respects than I am.

HELEN—I doubt not your uncle possesses a very charitable disposition.

GREY—Aw, yes, assuredly. My dear Miss Wentworth, my uncle knows of you through me, and of your father through Messrs. Glockheimer & Meyer, of London, and he will be really desirous of entertaining you before you return to New York.

HELEN—It is kind of you and your uncle to favor us with your thoughts, but it will be quite impossible for us to accept the honor of any marked attentions while abroad.

GREY—Aw, not from me, your most devoted admirer? Nor from my distinguished relative?

HELEN—Not from anyone, Mr. Grey. Our purpose abroad will not be to form new personal acquaintances, but to gain such profit as is supposed to inure to American young ladies like Miss Ralston and myself from even limited travel and observation in Europe.

GREY—Aw, I trust you will believe that I hoped to be instrumental in causing to be bestowed on you attentions which are not extended to every American young lady.

HELEN—I thank you, but my birth and education have been such that I am sure I could not accept such attentions with the grace and appreciation that would be expected, and, this being true, I could not persuade myself to accept them at all.

GREY—Aw, Miss Wentworth, it must have been impossible for you not to have observed my particular interest in you ever since our first meeting, through the kind offices of Mrs. Bronson-Smythe, at the Brazelton function a year ago.

HELEN—I am sure I have never had a wish or desire to excite or encourage in you any interest in me. I believe I know how to esteem expressions of this kind, but it were best I should say plainly that it would be idle for you to assume or hope, Mr. Grey, that under any circumstances such expressions from you would be agreeable to me.

GREY—You Americans are very elusive, Miss Wentworth.

HELEN—Do you think so?

GREY—Very elusive, and quite artful, aw.

HELEN—I sometimes think that we Americans, at least some of us, are but imperfectly understood by our friends across the water.

GREY—I can scarcely concede that. In general, I believe our estimate is correct.

HELEN—You should understand that we Americans, some of us at least, are so constituted that Europeanism, *per se*, does not strike us with that impressive force that seems to be presumed in certain circles in Europe and to be more or less conceded in New York.

GREY—Eh, aw, what do you mean?

HELEN—It is scarcely worth while to discuss my meaning. I am crude. You know I am not a New York girl. I was reared in the West.

GREY—New York is quite tolerable in some respects, aw, but of course it isn't Europe.

HELEN—No—but is New York to be commiserated?

GREY—Ask New York, aw.

HELEN—I think a great deal of New York. Father took Miss Ralston and me there that we might gain some polish.

If we haven't succeeded, it is certainly not the fault of the New York people, for they have been uniformly kind to us.

GREY—Do you know, Miss Wentworth, that we of England rather like the—aw, what's that French word—*naïveté* of the western girls of this country?

HELEN—The western girls have not the finish of the eastern girls. We gain much from association with the eastern girls—for which we are duly grateful—but in other respects, I take it, the difference between the western girls and the eastern girls is not so great as some people of your country, are, upon occasion, pleased to imagine.

GREY—You deftly thwart my purpose in calling to see you today. I—

HELEN—The western girls are less tactful than the eastern girls, and, I believe, are wholly lacking in veneration for many things which people of your class regard as almost sacred. For instance, such a sentiment as special respect for what is termed the nobility of your country is entirely unknown to us. On the contrary, a well-bred western girl wouldn't think of favoring a suitor, much less of choosing a husband, from among the nobility of any foreign country.

GREY—[*Rising with offended dignity. Miss WENTWORTH also rises.*] Aw, Miss Wentworth, before respectfully taking my leave, I wish to say that I visited you today with very laudable and serious intentions. It was my purpose to offer to you the name which my family bears.

HELEN—And you expected in return?

GREY—If you will pardon me, aw, full appreciation of the honor involved.

HELEN—Is that all?

GREY—Eh, aw, well, I calculated that a union of the wealth of your family with the lineage of mine would be desirable from all points of view, aw, and especially so to two agreeable contracting parties.

HELEN—Your frankness does you credit, relatively speaking; but your views of life and mine could never be made to harmonize. People of my class attach considerable importance

to nobility of character and wealth of soul, but not a great deal to what you term lineage.

GREY—I have discerned as much, aw.

HELEN—And *none* to *money* in itself.

GREY—Eh, aw, I fear I do not understand you.

HELEN—I am sure you do not.

GREY—And I will bid you good afternoon.

HELEN—Goodbye, Mr. Grey. [*Exit GREY. Exit HELEN. Enter WENTWORTH and seats himself at escritoire.*]

WENTWORTH—[*Writing and reading aloud as he writes.*]
Glockheimer — & — Meyer, — Bankers, — London: — The
— Consolidated — Jefferson — is — not — a — bonded —
system. — All — bonds — were — extinguished — in — the
— foreclosure — sales — to — the — present — owner
[*Enter SPRIGGS.*]

SPRIGGS—Mr. Buck Crandall!

WENTWORTH—Crandall! Admit him. [*Exit SPRIGGS.*]
There's something in the wind. [*SPRIGGS ushers in CRANDALL. Exit SPRIGGS, closely eyeing CRANDALL.*]

CRANDALL—How do you do, Mr. Wentworth?

WENTWORTH—How do you do, sir.

CRANDALL—I suppose you are a little surprised to see me, but I think I have something to say that will interest you.

WENTWORTH—Well, sir.

CRANDALL—This strike is costing your roads a vast amount of money. More than that, this Equity movement is going to confiscate your roads and your land unless it is checked.

WENTWORTH—Well.

CRANDALL—You are a business man, sir. There is a way to bring this strike to an end, and to give the Equity movement a set-back that will enable you to combat it successfully.

WENTWORTH—What are you getting at?

CRANDALL—Porter Jordan is a traitor to you and he is a traitor to the strikers. He has opposed the strike from the start, and now that he sees a chance to court popularity with the people, he goes back on you.

WENTWORTH—Well.

CRANDALL—I need not say to a railroad man that there is always “a wheel within a wheel.” By controlling a faction within the Federation I control the Federation. We can easily make it appear that Jordan’s antagonism to your interests is a mere pretense, and that he has sold out the strikers and the Equity movement to you. I can furnish half a dozen affidavits to this effect, and you merely need not deny the fact. I am an experienced man in these matters. Business is business. \$10,000 placed with me—a portion of it to be used in ciling some of the cogs of the inside wheel—will stop this strike and give a body blow to the Equity agitation.

WENTWORTH—How dare you come to me with such a dastardly proposal!

CRANDALL—Oh, don’t get on your high horse with me; I won’t stand for it. I’m not the kind to be bluffed by a railroad president or anybody else, and you are not the first railroad magnate I have talked to by any means. You are in the railroad business for money; I am in the strike business for money. You are the chief mogul of a capitalistic trust; and for the time being I am the general manager of a labor trust. Be wise and “do business,” and don’t put on any airs with me, for I know you fellows like a book.

WENTWORTH—Leave this house instantly, you scoundrel!

CRANDALL—[*Making threatening movement toward WENTWORTH.*] Damn you, if you knew—[*SPRIGGS in rear of and unseen by WENTWORTH, covers CRANDALL with a gun and keeps him covered until he leaves. . . . CRANDALL backing out of door.*] I am not through with you. This will cost you more than \$10,000, and don’t you forget it. [*Exit.*]

WENTWORTH—[*Turns and sees SPRIGGS with gun. . . . SPRIGGS quickly faces audience; side to WENTWORTH, gun in right hand at side; appears to be expecting a rebuke.*] I didn’t call you, sir. [*SPRIGGS bows to WENTWORTH, and exits.*] “Experienced man in these matters.” “Not the first he has talked to by any means.” [*Taps call bell and SPRIGGS re-enters.*] Spriggs, we leave for New York tonight, and will sail for Europe next week; will be back about the first of January. While

we are away you will assist Mr. Whitney in the general offices. Your salary will be \$60 instead of thirty. Try to behave yourself.

SPRIGGS—[*Bowing and scraping.*] Thankee sir; thankee a thousand times.

WENTWORTH—Here, take this cable. [*Hands message...* Exit SPRIGGS. WENTWORTH *writes, reading aloud as he writes.*] Fielding: — Put — your — best — men — on — the — back — trail — of — this — man — Crandall. — He — undoubtedly — has — a — bad — record — somewhere — in — the — east, — probably — in — Pennsylvania. — He — is — not — a — new — man — at — the — business. — Spare — no — expense — and — be — prepared — to — submit — full — report — when — I — return — from — Europe. [*Puts letter in envelope and seals it.* Enter SPRIGGS.]

SPRIGGS—Mr. Porter Jordan wishes to see Mr. Wentworth or Miss Ralston.

WENTWORTH—Call Miss Ralston. [*Exit SPRIGGS.*] See me! He'll see me next January! Then—I'll show him and the damphool public a few points in up-to-date railroading along the lines of least resistance! [*Exit WENTWORTH...* Enter and exit SPRIGGS... Enter GERTRUDE... Enter JORDAN.

JORDAN—Gertrude [*He takes both her hands in his, he appearing anxious, she grief-stricken.*] you are ill.

GERTRUDE—I am unhappy, so unhappy!

JORDAN—I sent you flowers this morning, but received no acknowledgement. Later I sent you a note, asking if I might call this evening, but it was returned unopened.

GERTRUDE—Oh, you do not doubt me, Porter! The flowers I have watered with tears. The note I never saw.

JORDAN—You are in trouble—tell me dear.

GERTRUDE—I am not free!

JORDAN—You do not love another!

GERTRUDE—No, no! Never!

JORDAN—And you will marry me?

GERTRUDE—Or I shall *never* marry! But I am bound by a sacred promise to my dying mother to obey my uncle, and—

JORDAN—Ah, it is he! I thought so! Hearts must break, lives must be ruined, the very heavens must bend at the behest of an angered millionaire! And you were to be hurried back to New York tonight, without being permitted even a word with me.

GERTRUDE—But I have written you everything, dear—you will get my letter tonight—you will know all. Oh, Porter, I am not allowed to talk, but I have been writing to you ever since—for hours—I was permitted to do so! And you will not doubt my love—my faithfulness!

JORDAN—Doubt you—my life, my soul—not until truth and innocence are banished from heaven! Take courage, Gertrude. Obey your uncle. Do your duty, as you see it. By the memory of your mother, you shall yet be mine, or Benjamin H. Wentworth shall, by his acts, deny that she was his sister. [*Enter WENTWORTH.*] Sir, I shall hold you responsible for the happiness of this young woman!

WENTWORTH—I accept the responsibility. [*JORDAN presses her hand to his lips, and exits.*]

Curtain.

THIRD ACT.

[*Scene I. Dark street or wood. Enter two Anarchists.*

LEVINSKY makes mysterious signs to PRELLER. PRELLER makes mysterious signs to LEVINSKY.]

LEVINSKY—[*With hand to side of mouth.*] Property is robbery!

PRELLER—[*With hand to side of mouth.*] Death to the state!

LEVINSKY.—Did ye git de dinker?

PRELLER.—[*Producing imitation sticks of dynamite.*] Two of 'em! [*Hands one to LEVINSKY.*]

LEVINSKY.—Ha! ha! Dem fool workingmen tink dere fightin for dere “rights”!

PRELLER.—Dere “rights”! Ha! ha! We’ll give em a touch of de reel ting! Who’ll give us de “lay” an de “dough”?

LEVINSKY.—Buck himself; he’ll be here soon.

PRELLER.—[*Makes odd signs and punches pit of his stomach with finger.* LEVINSKY replies with mysterious signs and jabs locality on his own person where is secreted a bottle supposed to contain whiskey. Takes bottle from his pocket and drinks, then hands bottle to PRELLER. PRELLER drinks and returns bottle to LEVINSKY. Enter CRANDALL cautiously.] Dere comes Buck.

CRANDALL.—Did you get the plunks?

LEVINSKY.—Sure. [*They each exhibit a supposed stick of dynamite.*]

CRANDALL.—Are you heeled for the other business?

PRELLER.—You know it. [*They each exhibit a revolver.*]

CRANDALL.—Now listen. No. 6 is on time, and she’ll be here in ten minutes. She’s pulled by that damned “scab” Withrow and his gang, and she’s got to be ditched.

LEVINSKY.—We’re onto our job.

PRELLER.—An it’s dead easy.

CRANDALL.—They’ll be goin’ at a good whirl. Put the plunks down east of the tower house where it’s darkest. If one doesn’t fix em, the other will.

LEVINSKY.—It’s ez good ez done, now.

PRELLER.—It’s a lead pipe cinch.

CRANDALL.—The noise will draw a crowd, and I’ll bring the strikers from the shops. There’ll be lots of excitement, and it’ll be dark as hell. Sloan will come down the east side of Vernon Street in a hurry, to see what’s the trouble, and Jordan will run over to the yards from the Portland Hotel. You [*Addressing LEVINSKY.*] will be behind the building just north of the tracks, and as Sloan slows up, going down the steps to the tracks, you plug him and make your getaway. You [*To PRELLER.*] will be at the end of the coal house, and as Jordan passes, you’ll do the business for him.

LEVINSKY.—I can hear em croakin now.

PRELLER.—Croakin! Ugh! De undertaker's got dere stiffs!

CRANDALL.—Here's half your money. [*Pays them.*] Now, remember, you undertook this work voluntarily, and your pay is big. If you don't carry it out to the last detail you'll have to answer to the "group"—and you know what that means!

LEVINSKY.—[*To PRELLER.*] Have you got Buck's lectric belt?

PRELLER.—Naw, nor his curlin iron nuther!

LEVINSKY.—He must a left em an his nerve in Pittsburg.

CRANDALL.—Now go, act quickly, and watch your corners! [*LEVINSKY and PRELLER make mysterious signs to CRANDALL, and slink off stage.*] They'll break the strike, down Buck Crandall, and elect Porter Jordan Governor, will they? I'll blow this damned town off the earth first! [*Exit.*]

[*Scene 2. Railway yards, and shops in distance. Stage darkened. LEVINSKY and PRELLER enter and maneuver up stage as if placing bombs on track.*]

LEVINSKY.—Hev ye got her planted, Prel?

PRELLER.—Naw, they's a dam toad jumpin round here and it skeered me.

LEVINSKY.—Hurry up; I hear six a comin. [*Noise of train in distance.*]

PRELLER.—Now she's fixed. [*Train can be heard more distinctly.*] Gimme another dose of thet nerve balsam. [*Both drink from bottle.*] Now fer de coal house!

LEVINSKY.—An de steps! [*Commands to marching soldiers can be heard off stage above noise of approaching train.*]

CAPTAIN.—Column right.—March!

PRELLER.—Jumpin Jerusalem! Soldiers! What'll we do?

LEVINSKY.—Take to de woods! [*Exeunt, frightened.*]

[*Approaching train can be heard more and more distinctly, bell ringing, etc., until train seems to be coming right onto the stage. Two explosions and lurid flashes in quick succession; a great crash as if train is thrown from the track. All lights out, everything perfectly still for half a minute. Then soldiers can be heard approaching double-quick, the captain giving orders and halting his men off the stage. Captain orders that*

crowd be kept back and that lights be brought. Rear of stage is lighted up exposing scene on which derailed engine and cars are shown. Enter SLOAN. Enter CRANDALL opposite side of stage.]

SLOAN—What have you to say to this, Crandall?

CRANDALL—That you have hired someone to commit this crime, in the hope of putting it onto the strikers. But you can't do it. We were all at the shops.

SLOAN.—The Sheriff is here with four companies of soldiers to enforce the court's injunction and install the new men. A strong detachment is now taking possession of the shops. You are run to earth, man! Don't you realize it?

CRANDALL.—Damn the court! And you, too! [*Stealthily drawing knife.*] If—I—have—to—go—to—hell, you shall go with me! [*Stabs, supposedly cutting gash in SLOAN's cheek that is out of view of the audience. SLOAN grapples with him and in the struggle they turn about, exposing to audience SLOAN's gashed cheek covered with blood. SLOAN finally overpowers CRANDALL and the knife drops from CRANDALL's grasp to the stage. At that moment SHERIFF and SOLDIERS rush onto stage and take CRANDALL. SLOAN throws off coat, exposing blood on shirt, and prepares to meet STRIKERS coming to succor CRANDALL.*]

SLOAN.—[*To sheriff*] Don't shoot them!

[*Enter JOHN EDWARDS, followed by STRIKERS with guns, clubs and other weapons. They rush on to within three feet of SLOAN, who is backed up by the SHERIFF and SOLDIERS, when a very shrill whistle is heard. EDWARDS and STRIKERS stop stock still, as JORDAN rushes on to back centre, holding paper aloft in hand.*]

JORDAN—Hold, Edwards!

EDWARDS—An order from the Executive Council!

JORDAN—Yes. [*Reading.*] "The strike in Jefferson is off. The Federation cannot countenance anarchy and lawlessness!"

Curtain.

FOURTH ACT.

[*Scene 1. SLOAN's law office in Centralia. Law books—on shelves, etc. Two or three chairs, desk, etc. Book—not a law book—lies on table. SLOAN sits at desk, and is reading a letter. He appears haggard and pale. Red scar shows on his face and is discernible through the remainder of the play.*]

SLOAN—[*Reading letter aloud.*] “Dear Mr. Sloan:—We are extremely pained to learn of the injuries you received in the strike. Father deeply appreciates your loyalty to his interests, but he would not have consented that you endanger your person. It frightens me to think what might have been the result. Do not, I beseech you, take any risks in the future; and may heaven protect you, is the prayer of your sincere friend,—Helen Wentworth.” The only letter I ever received from her, and that guardedly distant. Never a word since I resigned from her father’s roads and wrote him that my enlightened conscience commanded me to espouse the cause of the people and oppose his financial interests. [*Takes book from table, and looks at it, without opening it.*] Has that book made a noble-minded man of me, and at the same time blighted my life? “How—It—Was—Done!” [*Rising and business.*] My God! Has the corroding influence of money stifled every noble impulse and stilled every divine emotion in this distracted land? [*Enter JORDAN.*]

JORDAN—Good morning, Sloan.

SLOAN—Good morning, Governor.

JORDAN—Well, the matter has been fully discussed in caucus, and both bills, just as you drafted them, will be passed by the senate today. And the railroad bill will be passed by the house tomorrow. But if there isn’t a change, we are going to be beaten on the land bill in the house.

SLOAN.—Can’t we control our men?

JORDAN—No, there will be a majority of three against us. You see, some of our fellows are big land speculators themselves, and their greed is outweighing their honesty.

SLOAN—And they will violate their solemn pledges to the people!

JORDAN—Yes, giving some flimsy and technical excuse, of course. And that man Fenton, from Pawnee county, is helping them. Crandall is here, too. You made a great mistake in not prosecuting him for his assault on you at the time of the strike. He will do us all the dirt he can.

SLOAN—Well, I never had much faith in Fenton. And as for Crandall—but the railroad bill is absolutely safe, isn't it?

JORDAN—Oh, yes, it will have an assured majority of 28 in the senate and a certain majority of 10 in the house.

SLOAN—Will the railroad company be given a hearing in committee before the bill is placed on its final passage?

JORDAN—Yes, if they want it—and it's strange they haven't asked it before this. That is what brings me here. The steering committee has requested that you call on Mr. Wentworth and present to him the ultimatum of the majority, and say to him that the committee will be glad to give him a hearing on the subject of the valuation of his roads, if he wishes it.

SLOAN—I wish they had assigned this duty to someone else.

JORDAN—No, you, above all others, are the proper person to present the matter to Wentworth.

SLOAN—I assure you it will be a far from agreeable duty, Governor.

JORDAN—Oh, don't call me "Governor," Sloan; it's all right from others, but not from you. Say, I want to ask you a few plain questions.

SLOAN—[*Rather surprised.*] Well.

JORDAN—Have you seen the Wentworths since their return to Centralia?

SLOAN—No; I have only seen Mr. Wentworth at a distance.

JORDAN—Haven't you had any communication with the family since you resigned from the roads last summer?

SLOAN—No, except at the time of my relinquishment of the counselship I received a formal letter from Mr. Wentworth accepting my resignation and thanking me for past services to the company.

JORDAN—Sloan, I am going to tell you something—for I must tell somebody. I am deeply interested in Miss Ralston, and I have reason to know that the feeling is returned. But old Wentworth is against me.

SLOAN—Of course.

JORDAN—And he wields a terrible influence over Miss Ralston.

SLOAN—*Is* there any love now-a-days that equals the power of wealth?

JORDAN—Yes, I think so—at least I am going to find out. By a promise made to her dying mother, Miss Ralston feels herself bound to obey him to the letter in these matters, and he is mean enough to use this leverage to keep us apart. But in spite of all the powers of darkness I am going to find out if she still loves me, and if she does, by the Cross of Calvary, I'll break his brutal power or brand him in the sight of men as a moral monster!

SLOAN—My friend, yours is the fire of Triermain in the Valley of St. John. It is grand! It is the glow of chivalry, but methinks it belongs to another day and age. In these days of dollars, doubt and diabolism I fear your dream must end in certain disappointment. But I know how to sympathize with you.

JORDAN—Yes, I have surmised as much. You haven't told me your secret, Sloan, but I believe I know it.

SLOAN—I will go with you to the statehouse. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Scene 2. Street in Centralia. Enter Cissy with news papers.*]

CISSY—Morning papers! All about the legislatur and the railroad bill! Governor Jordan standin by de people! [*Passerby buys paper.*] Papers! Land monopoly doomed! Thousands people comin to Jefferson to git free homes! [*Enter SPRIGGS.*]

SPRIGGS—Why won't you be talkin to me any more, Cissy?

CISSY—Didn't I tell ye I wouldn't hev nothin to do wid ye long as yer workin fer dat ole monopolis, Wentwort?

SPRIGGS—Why, Cissy, you oughtn't ter want me ter go back on Mr. Wentwort. If it hadn't been fer him I wouldn't had a good job.

CISSY—Hain't everbody goin back on him? De hull state's agin him fer his robbin de people. He's been back here tree weeks, an he dassent show his mug on de streets, fer everybody despises him.

SPRIGGS—Well, he stood by me, when I hadn't no friens in de worl.

CISSY—An he keeps dem purty an sweet young loidies cooped up at home like dey was in jail.

SPRIGGS—An I don't tink I ought ter go back on him jus because everybody else is goin back on him.

CISSY—Well, you stick to de ole skinflint; but ye better keep way frum me. If ye don't I'll sue ole Wentwort. Dis is a free country, ye understan? An no bloated ole monopolis ner none uf his hirelins kin pester me! [*Exit CISSY, SPRIGGS following.*]

[*Scene 3. WENTWORTH'S home in Centralia. WENTWORTH seated at escritoire, is busily engaged in reading telegrams and letters. Enter HELEN, with newspaper in hand.*]

HELEN—Father, it is perfectly dreadful, the way these Jefferson papers talk about you and your roads.

WENT.—[*Busy reading telegrams and letters, and making notations on them.*] Oh, that is nothing, my daughter. It is part of the business. You must not let matters of that kind trouble you in the least.

HELEN—But they are abusive, and they say things about you that are not true.

WENT.—[*Still very busy.*] Well, don't let that annoy you. The newspapers are not to be blamed for reflecting public sentiment, and public sentiment is—they'll change their tone before long.

HELEN—I am glad to see that Mr. Sloan never says a word against you personally. [*Enter GERTRUDE.*]

WENT.—[*Still busy and doesn't want to talk.*] No, Sloan has acted very honorably.

HELEN—And the paper says that in his speech last night he told the Clubs that it was neither wise nor commendable to attack you as a man; that you simply represented a system which they opposed, but that as a citizen and a man, you were above reproach.

GERTRUDE—And Governor Jordan told them that this was no time for unreasoning radicalism, and that if the state took your roads you should be fully and fairly paid their actual value.

WENT.—[*Very busy, and evidently annoyed with the young ladies' talk.*] Yes—that's all right. Don't worry yourselves about me or the Jefferson roads. I will take care of the legislature and the newspapers—and Sloan and Jordan seem to be able to take care of themselves.

HELEN—But you are not specially angered at Mr. Sloan?

GERTRUDE—Or Governor Jordan?

WENT.—[*Exasperated, but recovers himself.*] No—oh, no—they're all right—but you must not bother me, girls—I'm very busy; very busy. [*Turns to work.* HELEN and GERTRUDE rise to leave, closely watching WENTWORTH.]

GERTRUDE.—[*With hesitation.*] I wish they could be assured that you have no ill feeling toward them.

WENT.—[*Fussily.*] Very busy. Lot of things to look after. [*Exit HELEN and GERTRUDE slowly, watching WENTWORTH. When they are off stage, WENTWORTH looks after them, takes a long breath and resumes work at escritoire. Taps bell, and SPRIGGS enters.*] Take these telegrams to the operators, [*Handing him telegrams.*] and these letters to Mr. Ormsby. [*Handing him letters. Exit SPRIGGS. Enter WHITNEY, with two legislative bills in his hand.*] Well, Whitney, did you get the bills?

WHITNEY—Yes, here they are. [*Hands bills to WENTWORTH.*] And they have the opinions from the three eminent lawyers, employed, in addition to Sloan, to pass upon the validity of the bills.

WENT.—Did you read the opinions?

WHITNEY—Yes.

WENT.—What is their purport?

WHITNEY.—They all three agree that both bills are sound in principle, being founded on the law of eminent domain, and they agree that the land bill will have the legal effect intended, and will be sustained by the courts.

WENT.—But they can't pass the land bill?

WHIT.—No, there will be a majority of three against it in the house.

WENT.—And on the railroad bill?

WHIT.—Judge Cranston, of Philadelphia, says that the constitutional limitation as to the state's indebtedness does not apply, and that the state may take the roads and compel the owners to accept state warrants or bonds for any amount over and above the constitutional limitation, the right of trial by jury as to the actual value of the roads being preserved to the present owners by the provisions of the bill. Craig Gorham of Chicago says that the question is a very close one, but that the railroad corporation being a creature of the law, and having secured its life, its charter, its franchises and privileges from the law-making power, he leans strongly to the view that the legislature can annul its charter, recall its franchises and condemn its right-of-way and other holdings on such terms as it deems proper, provided it preserves to the company the right of trial by jury as is contemplated in the bill. Frederick E. Harrington, of New York, says flatly that the constitutional limitation does apply, and that the state not being allowed to incur an indebtedness to exceed \$500,000, the bill, if enacted, will be held by the courts to be invalid.

WENT.—Pretty high authority. They seem to be guarding every point with great care.

WHIT.—Yes, they seem to be following very closely the plan outlined in that infernal book.

WENT.—Well, I imagine we'll have an inning today and tomorrow.

WHIT.—Well, I hope so, for, to me, things look exceedingly blue. [*Rises to leave. Enter SPRIGGS and hands letter to WENTWORTH. Exit SPRIGGS.*]

WENT.—[*Opens letter.*] Wait, Whitney. A letter from Fielding. [*Reads.*] “St. Louis, Jan. 6th. I have the two anarchists who ditched the train. They have made a full confession. They were employed by Crandall, and it was in the plot to kill Sloan and Jordan, but the unexpected coming of the soldiers scared them away, and they got out of town as quickly as they could. They know all about Crandall. He is an escaped convict from Pennsylvania, under twenty years’ sentence for murder, and his real name is John Bartoff. I have arranged for requisition to be sent to our sheriff. I will reach Centralia with the two anarchists by the same train which carries this letter to you. I will hurry them to the jail without letting anybody know their identity, and then I will come direct to your house. I dared not use the telegraph for fear Crandall would get wind and skip. We must nail him sure.” It’s now fifteen minutes to one. Fielding must be at the county jail or on his way here. Wait a minute. [*Goes to telephone and rings up.*] Hello!—Main 376, please. Hello! Is this the county jail?—Is Mr. Fielding there?—Yes, please.—Hello! Fielding, is that you?—This is W. Say, is the sheriff there?—Well, say, you and he come over here to my house right away. Bartoff will be here at one o’clock. Understand?—Say, come in the back way and Whitney will meet you. Understand?—All right.—Goodbye. [*Returns to desk and taps call bell. Enter SPRIGGS.*] Tell Barclay to have the closed carriage in waiting at one o’clock. [*SPRIGGS bows and exits.* I received this [*Reaching for letter on desk.*] from Crandall this morning. [*Reads*] “You certainly realize the necessity of ‘doing business’ now. I am in a position to give you dead sure ‘lines’ on a sufficient number of members of the house. Do you want to see me? If so, send word to me at the Portland Hotel.” I sent him word to come here at one o’clock. It’s important that I get this information from him. Understand? After I have gotten it, it would suit my purposes to have him disappear off the earth for about a day. But certain tender flowers in the legislature must not be frightened by his arrest until that bill is voted on tomorrow, unless possibly it shall suit my purposes better to

make known his arrest sooner myself. And yet we must take no chances of his getting away.

WHIT.—I understand.

WENT.—Well, Fielding and the sheriff will be here in a few minutes. They will come in the back way. You will meet them and bring them into the adjoining room here. [*Indicating.*] If I don't get the required information from Crandall, I will let him go, and we will "shadow" him. If I do get it, the pressure of this electrical button [*Indicating button on desk.*] will signal Fielding and the sheriff, and they will come in and arrest him. My closed carriage will be in readiness in the rear. They can enter it and convey him to the county jail without anybody, except us four, having any knowledge whatever of what has occurred.

WHIT.—I see.

WENT.—And mind you, Whitney, I don't want anybody to know of his arrest until after the vote on that bill tomorrow, unless I see fit to tell it myself. Caution Fielding particularly about this, and tell him to bind the sheriff to the utmost secrecy.

WHIT.—I understand. [*Exit.*]

WENT.—[*Examining legislative bill and reading aloud.*]
"The owners of said vacant, unoccupied and unused lands shall have five years from and after the approval of this act in which to dispose of the same to actual, good-faith settlers; but in the meantime any person desiring to occupy and use any portion of the same may institute proceedings to condemn such portion, and, upon paying into court the full value of such portion as found by a jury, may occupy and use the same as his own in severalty." [*Enter CRANDALL.*]

CRANDALL.—Well, I take it, that you have finally concluded to "do business."

WENT.—Well, I am doing a good deal of it now, but I don't mind undertaking a little more.

CRANDALL.—You need six votes in the house to defeat the railroad bill.

WENT.—Six will do it.

CRANDALL.—I know the man who can deliver the goods.

WENT.—I must do business with the principal alone.

CRANDALL.—I understand that. I have fixed matters with him.

WENT.—You expect no reward nor promises from me?

CRAN.—None whatever. *He's* my huckleberry. I am merely sent to arrange a meeting for him. You deal with him.

WENT.—Is he a man of standing?

CRAN.—He's a member of the house.

WENT.—I will meet him.

CRAN.—Where?

WENT.—Here.

CRAN.—When?

WENT.—As soon as he can get here.

CRAN.—Where's your 'phone?

WENT.—There—but hold on, there must be no publicity about this.

CRAN.—Do you think I am a fool? I haven't sodiered in this kind of work for fifteen years to be caught napping now.

WENT.—But who is your man, where is he, and what do you intend to say over the 'phone?

CRAN.—My man is the Hon. Archibald Fenton, the highly respected member of the house from Pawnee county. He is now waiting at a 'phone in a livery stable on Preston Street to hear my gentle voice conveying to him the glad tidings that Annie is better, in fact all right, and will be glad to see him right away. I'm to telephone him before two.

WENT.—But you must not be mixed up in this. You must not be seen with him or his friends. You are known. There must be no ground for suspicion.

CRAN.—That's all right. He understands that. I'll make myself scarce for a day or two.

WENT.—Well, tell him you'll not see him till day after to-morrow.

CRAN.—[*Goes to 'phone and calls up.*] Hello! Give me Express 427, please. Hello, is that you A. F.?—Well, say, Annie is better, in fact, she's all right, and she'll be glad to see you right away.—Yes, at her home. Say, I'll not see you till day after tomorrow.—So long. [WENTWORTH *presses button*, and FIELDING, SHERIFF and WHITNEY *enter, covering CRANDALL with guns as he turns from telephone.*]

SHERIFF—You are under arrest, John Bartoff, on a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania! Levinsky and Preller are now in jail, and have confessed everything. [CRANDALL *submits to handcuffs.*]

CRANDALL—[*To WENTWORTH.*] You're a genius, old man. I've been railroading for twenty-three years, but you're the only man I've ever seen that really understands the business. You ought to have a double-track trunk line between heaven and hell. It's all right. But just tell em some time, will you, that John Bartoff, the Pennsylvania convict, though a trifle late in making the discovery, was the first man in Jefferson that got onto your game. You understand. [*Meaningly. Exit SHERIFF, CRANDALL, FIELDING and WHITNEY; WENTWORTH looking after them.*]

[*Scene 4. Street in Centralia. Enter Cissy with newspapers.*]

Cissy—Papers! All about the railroad bill! Railroads can't buy de legislatur! Great excitement in other states! Everybody comin' to Jefferson to live! [*Enter FENTON.*] Paper?

FENTON—[*Gruffly.*] No! [*Exit.*]

Cissy—I'll bet dat feller's crooked. All about de people ownin' de railroads! Papers! [*Enter GREY. Cissy stares at him in amazement.*]

GREY—I say! Eh, aw, me little goil, could you guide me to the seat of Mr. Wentworth?

Cissy—I say! Eh, aw, I could not. But you go straight ahead four blocks, an then you cut bias dat way [*Pointing.*] and deres a meatshop on de corner.

GREY—Aw!

CISSY—An then you ask dat man where de meanest man in Jefferson lives, and he'll show you ole Wentwort's house, aw.

GREY—Eh, aw! [*Exit.*]

CISSY—[*Looking after him.*] I wish I had a lariat. Papers! All about Jefferson's big boom! People to own de railroads, an everybody ter have free homes! [*Exit.*]

[*Scene 5. WENTWORTH'S home in Centralia. WENTWORTH seated at escriptorio, carefully examining legislative bills. Enter FENTON.*]

FENTON—How do you do, Mr. Wentworth. My name is Fenton—Archibald Fenton, member of the house from Pawnee county.

WENT.—[*They shake hands.*] Oh, yes, for whom Mr. Crandall arranged a meeting. I am glad to meet you, Mr. Fenton. Be seated.

FENTON—But Mr. Crandall did not go into details. He was not informed, nor empowered.

WENT.—Oh, no; not at all. He merely arranged the meeting, and left everything for discussion between you and me.

FENTON—We are entirely alone?

WENT.—Entirely.

FENTON—This railroad bill, Mr. Wentworth, of course you want it defeated?

WENT.—Supposedly.

FENTON—Well, sir, it will pass the senate, and it is the general impression that there is a safe majority for it in the house.

WENT.—Yes.

FENTON—And we must concede that the sentiment of the people is largely in its favor.

WENT.—Yes.

FENTON—But there is a serious question as to the power of the state to incur the indebtedness necessary for the purchase of the roads—the constitutional limitation, you know.

WENT.—Yes, sir; yes, indeed.

FENTON—Now, to be plain, I have never believed in this doctrine of State ownership. I think, sir, that the people have gone wild over this proposition. I want to protect the people, even against their judgment. As a conscientious legislator, I regard it as my duty to do so.

WENT.—Certainly, sir, certainly; and I doubt not there are other men, here in Jefferson, who are classed against us, but who, in fact, entertain the same views that you do.

FENTON—Yes, sir; that is the point I was getting at. And there are some who haven't any decided opinion one way or the other, but who can be influenced, you understand.

WENT.—Yes, I suppose so.

FENTON—In other words, Mr. Wentworth, it is possible to defeat that bill.

WENT.—Possible to defeat the bill!

FENTON—Yes, sir.

WENT.—How?

FENTON—On this question of the constitutional limitation, I can control the votes of six members of the house who are classed as supporters of the bill. These votes changed from the affirmative to the negative, will wipe out the majority of ten and defeat the bill by two votes.

WENT.—Yes, but can you do this?

FENTON—Yes, sir; but it will cost money, Mr. Wentworth, money, and lots of it.

WENT.—How much?

FENTON—\$100,000.

WENT.—Do you know to a certainty that you can control these men?

FENTON—Yes, sir, to a certainty. We have discussed the matter fully together, and to be explicit, I am sent here by them to reach an understanding with you.

WENT.—Where are they?

FENTON—They are now on the second floor of the Portland Hotel, in my room, 23. They are waiting for me.

WENT.—I must have positive assurances from each and all of them.

FENTON—Yes, sir; I will bring you face to face with them.

WENT.—That will not do. I must have their solemn pledge in writing, over their own signatures, yours included. \$100,000 is a big sum of money.

FENTON—[*Rising.*] I will obtain the pledge, and we can complete the business immediately. I am an honest man, sir, and expect to get nothing out of this for myself; but in the people's interest, these men must be controlled, and it costs money to do it.

WENT.—State the proposition plainly in writing, have each and every one of them sign it, and return here as soon as possible.

FENTON—Yes, sir; I'll have no difficulty in obtaining their signatures, for they know you have everything at stake, and that there is no danger of exposure. [*Exit.*]

WENT.—[*Turns to escritoire and writes, reading aloud as he writes.*] Fielding: Fix—the—identity—of—the—six—men—now—in — room — 23 — Portland—Hotel,—and get—snap — shots—of—them—if—possible. B.—H.—W. [*Folds paper and taps bell. Enter SPRIGGS.*] Take this to Fielding quick. [*SPRIGGS takes paper, and exits. WENTWORTH examines legislative bill. Enter GREY.*]

GREY—How do you do, Mr. Wentworth. [*They shake hands.*] My name is Grey, Leslie Pelham Grey. I met you in New York some twelve months ago, aw; possibly you remember me.

WENT.—Yes, I remember you quite well.

GREY—Aw, may I inquire as to the health of Miss Wentworth?

WENT.—[*Drily.*] My daughter is quite well, thank you.

GREY—Aw, Mr. Wentworth, I come to see you on a mission of considerable importance. Perhaps you are not aware that I

am the American representative of Glockheimer & Meyer, of London.

WENT.—Well, no, I was not aware that you were their authorized agent.

GREY—Aw, yes. Messrs. Glockheimer & Meyer control large English holdings of American railway securities.

WENT.—Yes, sir.

GREY—And the troubles which the Jefferson roads have had with strikers, and those which they are now having with this, aw, so-called reform movement, have attracted considerable attention among New York and London investors in railway securities.

WENT.—I suppose so.

GREY—Yes, aw; and they fear the movement will spread into other states, and impair the value of this class of securities.

WENT.—There is certainly occasion for alarm on their part.

GREY—Yes, aw; and they have conferred together and have come to the conclusion that the railroad bill now pending in the legislature of this state must be defeated, at whatever cost.

WENT.—Oh, they have, have they?

GREY—Aw, yes, sir; and I am the bearer of a letter to you from G. P. Dorgan & Co., Wall Street, authorizing you to draw on them for \$500,000, to be secured by first mortgage bonds on your roads at 4 per cent. [*Takes letter from pocket.*] This will enable you to control a sufficient number of votes in the legislature to defeat the bill.

WENT.—From Dorgan & Co., eh? [*Reaches for letter.*]

GREY—Eh, aw, excuse me, Mr. Wentworth; but first, I should like to reach a definite understanding with you in regard to a matter that deeply interests me.

WENT.—Ah?

GREY—Aw, yes, sir. For a long time I have admired your daughter. Last year she repelled my advances, for the reason, I believe, that she at that time entertained sentiments of warm esteem for the junior counsel of your roads, aw, a Mr. Sloan.

WENT.—Sir, I have neither the time nor the inclination to listen to discussions of this character.

GREY—Aw, I pray you will hear with me. I have waited a long time and have come a long distance to do you a good turn at the same time to place myself right.

WENT.—At 4 per cent first mortgage, eh? Well, sir, be brief, for I assure you that this kind of talk is not the most agreeable to me.

GREY—The changed relations of Mr. Sloan with your roads, and presumably with your family, lead me to assume that I may, aw, express myself with some degree of freedom to you.

WENT.—One should be careful not to indulge in unwarranted assumptions or presumptions. You would better deliver Dorgan & Co's business proposition.

GREY—You do not understand me, aw; I insist that you allow me to explain myself.

WENT.—Well, proceed as briefly as possible.

GREY—Aw, it has seemed to me that a union of your family with mine—the wealth of your family with the noble name which I hear—is a desideratum that should commend itself to a man of your discernment. If I am right in this, I shall have but little doubt of my ability to render myself personally pleasing to Miss Wentworth.

WENT.—Your assurance, sir, is truly amazing. But I have always made it a point not to try to mix my bank account with my daughter's affections. She is so peculiarly constituted that I do not think I could do so, if I would, and I am reasonably certain that I wouldn't do so if I could. Personally I do not wish to invest in European nobility. As to the sentimental phase of the subject—if indeed there is any sentiment in it—you will have to confer with her. Do you wish to deliver Dorgan & Co's letter?

GREY—Aw, I suppose I must do so. [*Hands letter to WENTWORTH.*]

WENT.—[*Hastily peruses letter.*] It is useless to pursue this phantom. I am not in need of money. Our friends in

New York have no conception of the magnitude and strength of this movement.

GREY—Aw, but the members of the legislature can be influenced by money?

WENT.—Influenced by money! Why, man, you don't know what you are talking about! You might as well try to fly to the moon as to try to influence the vote of a single legislator by the use of money! They are worse than religious fanatics on the subject of this bill! If you should approach one of them with a money proposition, he would shoot you dead in your tracks, and if one of the pledged majority should vote against the bill, he would be hanged to the nearest lamp-post by the enraged populace!

GREY—[*Exhibiting some uneasiness.*] Eh, aw, is it possible!

WENT.—*Possible!* Well, I should say so! The life of no man who is against this bill is safe for a moment in this town! [GREY *alarmed.*] Why, do you realize that if your mission here were known you would be murdered before you could get out of town! [GREY *greatly alarmed. Rises from chair.*] Even now the "Death Committee" is watching you!

GREY—[*Exhibiting much trepidation.*] "Death Committee"—watching me!

WENT.—Yes, watching you! [*Getting a pretended cipher message from cscritoirc.*] Shortly before you called I received a cipher message from one of my detectives. I didn't understand it, but now I see that it refers to you! [*Reads message.*] "Warn New York friend who arrived today that he is suspected [GREY *starts.*] and is being closely watched by the "Death Committee!"

GREY—[*Frightened.*] What shall I do!

WENT.—Get out of town on the first east-bound train! And, to allay suspicion, you would better play the part of a book agent. Here. [*Hands him book.*] Take this. If anybody speaks to you, try to sell him a book; and if they mention my name, give me the "Old Harry" for putting you out of my house! Be sure and catch that first train. It leaves in about thirty minutes. [*Hustling him out.*]

GREY—I shall! I certainly shall! [*Exit.*]

WENT.—Well! That's the worst I *ever* did! But it was the only way. [*Sits himself at escritoire and resumes examination of legislative bill. Enter HELEN.*]

HELEN—Father, I have an invitation to dine at Mrs. Westlake's today, and to spend the evening there. Mr. Sloan is also invited.

WENT.—You must not go, Helen; send an excuse.

HELEN—Father, you must talk to me—I have a right to ask it.

WENT.—What do you mean, my daughter, what do you mean?

HELEN—I mean, father, that I am no longer a child, and that in matters which deeply concern me as a woman, I am entitled to an adequate reason for a course of action such as you require.

WENT.—No longer a child—matters that deeply concern you—entitled to a reason—my daughter!

HELEN—I have always tried to be dutiful and considerate toward you—and I love you devotedly—but, father, I cannot understand your attitude toward Mr. Sloan.

WENT.—Sloan—Sloan—my attitude toward Sloan! Is he not doing everything in his power to confiscate my property—to divest me of all my holdings?

HELEN—Yes, father, but in an honorable manner. He is simply following his convictions as a man—and you, yourself, have never, in my presence, uttered a word derogatory to him.

WENT.—His ability and energy in shaping the policy of those opposed to my interests have rendered him my most dangerous adversary.

HELEN—I know you too well, father, to believe for a moment that this is the real ground of your objection to him.

WENT.—Didn't I tell you long ago that there were liable to be developments which would—

HELEN—Yes, father, and haven't those developments come? Hasn't his character been tested? [*Pause.* WENTWORTH

does not reply.] With respect to me, I have reason to know that he hasn't changed—and mother in heaven knows I have not!

WENT.—You love him, Helen?

HELEN—From the moment I first met him I have loved him. But because I respected your wishes I prisoned my heart. I would not allow him to write to me. I refused him the privilege of visiting me in New York, lest I might be tempted to forget your injunction. He has had no word, direct or indirect, from me since he severed his connection with the roads. The thought that he might reasonably conclude that I was unworthy of his regard has worried me unspeakably. Father, I have suffered; suffered and waited—but with hope. He has suffered, without hope.

WENT.—And you deem his relentless antagonism to my financial interests an insufficient objection to him?

HELEN—Yes, father, because from my earliest childhood you have taught me that the heart's sentiments are not to be measured by such considerations.

WENT.—And what if your sentiments run counter to my plans with respect to the Jefferson roads?

HELEN—You have said that I have my mother's heart. Were I alone involved—my life even—I would do almost anything for you, for I love you; but—forgive me, my father, for I have your spirit and your will—I would not blight the life of Gerald Sloan for all the railroads in ten states!

WENT.—[*Pauses, as if worried and meditating.*] Representing the legislative committee, Mr. Sloan will call here to-day. With perfect propriety you can hear what occurs. Do so, and then—follow your own judgment! [HELEN *throws her arms about her father's neck and places her head on his breast; then exit.* WENTWORTH *seats himself at escritoire and resumes examination of railroad bill. Reads aloud.*] “And the said members of the State Directorate of Railways, as named in this act and elected by the legislature, shall have the entire management and direction of the said railways of the State of Jefferson until their successors are duly elected by

the people, as provided for in Section 9 hereof." [*Enter GERTRUDE.*]

GERTRUDE—Uncle, I have a note from Governor Jordan, asking the privilege of calling on me.

WENTWORTH—[*Amazed and exasperated.*] Jordan call! Jordan! No! No! Most positively no!

GERTRUDE—[*Surprised, offended and hurt.*] Uncle!

WENT.—[*Partially regaining composure.*] Pardon me, Gertrude. Wait till day after tomorrow. You will then understand.

GERTRUDE—But this is not satisfactory. What reply am I to make to his note?

WENT.—[*Agitated.*] Reply! Make none now! Wait till day after tomorrow.

GERTRUDE—But, Uncle, what does this mean? I cannot understand you. I have tried to obey you, and I want to continue to respect you. But I want to know plainly if it is your intention for all time to use my obligation to my mother as a means for destroying my happiness?

WENT.—[*Excited and agitated.*] You must wait till day after tomorrow. This is imperative. You will then know all. [*GERTRUDE, as if intending to speak, restrains herself, bows, and exits. WENTWORTH impatient and flustered; then resumes examination of railroad bill. CISSY knocks loudly at door. WENTWORTH in a loud voice and impatiently.*] Come in! [*Enter CISSY. WENTWORTH turns and sees her. Business, as if can hardly contain himself.*] Lord, here's another! Madam, are you in love?

CISSY—[*Stamping her foot angrily.*] No, I'm not in love! I want ye ter make Spriggs leave me alone! He's pesterin me all de time! Wants ter marry me! An I won't have nothin ter do wid him long as he works fer ye. I'm agin ye an yer monopolies an everybody 't works fer ye! I'm fer de Equity Clubs 'n de people's rights!

WENT.—[*Reaching in his vest pocket for money.*] Arrest him! Have him arrested on any charge! Here! [*Hands her a \$10 bill.*] Arrest any of my employes you can find who are

talking love and marriage—\$10 a head to you for each one—have the whole outfit arrested and put in jail. [*Goes to desk and fumbles papers excitedly and fussily and exit.*]

CISSY—[*Who has been looking at him in blank amazement, looks at money, then after WENTWORTH, and then at audience.*] Well, wouldn't dat jar ye! [*Exit CISSY. Enter WENTWORTH.*]

WENT.—[*Still rattled.*] Three railroads and a balky legislature are nothing to two or three sentimental women! They'll bust any combination on earth. [*Enter SPRIGGS with picture, which he hands to WENTWORTH and exit.*] The snap shot! [*Looks at picture, and then carefully peruses writing on the back of picture; then again looks at picture and deposits it on escritoire.*] I own them, body and soul! [*Resumes examination of bill. Enter FENTON.*] Well, what success have you had?

FENTON—Excellent, Mr. Wentworth, excellent; I have the signatures of every one of them. [*Hands paper to WENTWORTH.*]

WENT.—[*Examines the paper and signatures carefully.*] Yes, the proposition is plainly and positively stated. You remember when you all came out of your room into the hall at the hotel, you said: "Say, fellows, we must not be seen together; you go to your rooms, and I will go down alone?"

FENTON—[*Amazed and startled at WENTWORTH'S knowledge.*] Ye-es!

WENT.—[*Showing the picture to him.*] Isn't that a pretty good group picture?

FENTON—[*Thunderstruck and alarmed.*] I—I—don't understand!

WENT.—You understand that under the criminal statutes of the State of Jefferson this proposition renders every one of you fellows liable to imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of from eight to fifteen years, don't you?

FENTON—[*Frightened.*] Ye-es—but, my God, you won't expose us!

WENT.—Not if things go my way. I never tell secrets if things go my way. But you have misunderstood me. You have been greatly mistaken in supposing that I wish the railroad bill defeated. I want that bill to pass.

FENTON—[*Still astounded and alarmed.*] You want it passed!

WENT.—Yes, I want both it and the land bill to be enacted into law without the change of a single word or letter, and if every one of you fellows don't vote for both of them, you will all be under arrest before tomorrow night!

FENTON—And you will not ruin us—

WENT.—Not if things go my way—but *go my way they must*; don't forget that! If all of you vote for both bills, without quibble or cavil, and they are approved by the Governor, call here, and I will return to you this signed paper and deliver to you this picture. Do you understand?

FENTON—I do. And no one will be any the wiser?

WENTWORTH—No one. I never tell secrets—if things go my way! And I dare not in this instance, for, under the law, I have no right to shield you from prosecution, as I propose to do.

FENTON—But how about Crandall?

WENTWORTH—Crandall is now in the county jail, arrested on a requisition from the Governor of Pennsylvania, where he will be sent in a day or two. He couldn't injure you, anyway, for you will vote *for* the bills instead of *against* them.

FENTON—Both bills will pass, sir. [*Exit.*]

WENTWORTH—Yes, I rather think they will. Pure government is a great blessing. [*Resumes examination of legislative bill, and reads aloud.*] "This act shall become a law and be operative on and after its approval by the Governor." [*Enter SLOAN.*] How do you do, Mr. Sloan. [*They shake hands.*]

SLOAN—[*Pale, dignified, and somewhat constrained.*] How do you do, Mr. Wentworth? [*They take seats. HELEN, unseen by SLOAN, appears at door and listens to their talk.*]

WENTWORTH—It has been quite a while since I saw you.

SLOAN—Yes, and there have been great changes since we met.

WENTWORTH—Yes, great changes.

SLOAN—Mr. Wentworth, on account of our past relations, I could well wish that the duty which sends me here today had fallen upon other shoulders. I am commissioned by the steering committee of the house to wait upon you and inform you that the railroad bill is about to be placed on its final passage, and that the committee would be glad to give you a hearing on the subject of the valuation to be placed on your roads, if you desire it.

WENTWORTH—Have you any doubts as to the legality of your bill?

SLOAN—I have none, but there are some eminent lawyers, among them Mr. Harrington of New York, who entertain the opinion that it will be held to be unconstitutional, on the ground that the indebtedness to be incurred by the State in the purchase of the roads will be very much in excess of the constitutional limitation.

WENTWORTH—Do you think you have a clear and reliable majority in the house?

SLOAN—Oh, yes; we have a safe and certain majority of ten.

WENTWORTH—Has it ever occurred to you that I might defeat the bill, if I were so disposed?

SLOAN—No, sir; that would be utterly impossible.

WENTWORTH—Will you push the land bill in the house?

SLOAN—Yes, it will go to a vote, for we wish to place all the members on record; but we do not expect it to pass the house at this session; there is a majority of three against it.

WENTWORTH—Then the only question about the railroad bill is that of the State's indebtedness, and the only thing in the way of the land bill is a matter of two or three votes?

SLOAN—Yes, sir; and the one I do not regard as serious, but the other is, for the present, vital.

WENTWORTH—Well, I want both bills to pass.

SLOAN—What!

WENTWORTH—I say I want both bills to pass; and I have arranged matters so that you will get the necessary votes to enact the land bill, as well as the railroad bill.

SLOAN—Mr. Wentworth, you are trifling with me!

WENTWORTH—I never trifle with anybody. I want the land bill, as well as the railroad bill, to be pushed to a third reading, passed and signed by the Governor, without delay. On condition that this is done [*Reaching for a paper on escriptoire which he hands to SLOAN.*] I place in your hands this formally executed document, in which I and my Company consent and agree to a valuation of \$500,000 for our entire system and release the state from any and all liability over and above that sum. Thus the constitutional question is solved to a certainty, and the passage of both bills is assured.

SLOAN—[*Utterly amazed; looks at WENTWORTH intently, then examines document.*] Mr. Wentworth, what does this mean!

WENTWORTH—It means what it says. There is no doubt as to the legality of the railroad bill; but I will not trust this constitutional question to the courts; they are generally too anxious to twist their decisions and manufacture law in favor of the corporations.

SLOAN—Do you mean that you consent to the State's taking your roads at a fraction of their value? And do you realize that the land bill compels you to dispose of your lands to actual settlers within five years, and in the meantime renders the land subject to entry by actual settlers at prices to be fixed by jury?

WENTWORTH—Yes.

SLOAN—But there is a majority in the house against the land bill.

WENTWORTH—I tell you that I have arranged so that you will get more than enough votes to pass it.

SLOAN—Mr. Wentworth, excuse me, but haven't your responsibilities and these troubles rather—er—unbalanced you—nervously—or mentally—for the time being?

WENTWORTH—Not at all; I'm all right.

SLOAN—Pardon me, but this unparalleled concession on the valuation of your roads and your expressed desire for the passage of the land bill are beyond my comprehension!

WENTWORTH—You think you are right in advocating these measures, don't you?

SLOAN—Yes, but you—

WENTWORTH—Can't I, as well as you, be a friend to justice and fair play? Can't I, as well as you, favor rational reform?

SLOAN—Certainly, but—

WENTWORTH—You and Jordan have been ably prosecuting a great work; I am simply helping you to complete it.

SLOAN—Do you mean to say that you believe in these reforms?

WENTWORTH—Yes.

SLOAN—[*Astounded, and the truth seeming to dawn upon him gradually.*] Have you been—reading—that—book!

WENTWORTH—If my plans had been known to a living soul, these reforms would not have been possible. Gerald Sloan, I wrote that book! [SLOAN *more astounded than ever; looks at WENTWORTH, with varying emotions. Starts to speak, hesitates, totters and kneels at WENTWORTH'S feet. WENTWORTH leaves stage hastily, and HELEN at same time goes to SLOAN and places both her hands on his head. Still kneeling, he takes one of her hands and presses it to his lips, holding it there.*]

Curtain.

FIFTH ACT.

[*Scene—Wentworth's home in Centralia.*]

SPRIGGS—[*Enters with letters and telegrams, which he deposits on escritoire. Among the letters he sees one for himself.*] Here's one for me, and I believe on me soul it's frum Cissy. [Opens letter in which there is a \$10 bill—and reads aloud.] “Dear Spriggy:—I wush you would give this \$10 back to Mr. Wentwort. He give it ter me ter have ye ar-

rested." Ter have me arrested! What de devil's de matter wid everybody an everyting! Yistiday I was about de only frien Mr. Wentwort had in Jefferson, an he was payin people \$10 ter have me arrested! Last night I was workin fer him, an today I'm workin fer de state of Jefferson, unbeknownst to meself! Yistiday Cissy was dead soured on me, an today she's writin me "dear Spriggy" notes! Search me if I know any more whuther I'm a double-gear'd monkey wrench er a jabberin chimpanzee! [*Continues to read aloud.*] "But I don't want ter have ye arrested." Oh, ye don't! I'm glad ter hear it. Mebbe she wants me hanged er burnt alive! [*Reads further, aloud.*] "An I know now that Mr. Wentwort wasn't in earnest, an I'm offul glad uf it." So am I! [*Reads further, aloud.*] "Tell Mr. Wentworth I'm comin' to his reception, an, Spriggy, if ye'll fergiv me fer bein mean ter ye, I wush ye wud bring me home frum Mr. Wentwort's big doins. Yer's fer sure, if ye'll hev me." Hev ye! Ye bundle of sugar cussedness, I'd ruther hev ye thin a gold mine! [*WENTWORTH enters and seats himself at escritoire.*] Mr. Wentwort, my gurl, Cissy, wants me to give ye back dis \$10 and tell ye dat she's comin ter yer reception.

WENTWORTH—Tell her that's all right; I'd rather she'd keep the \$10; I think she earned it. Did you deliver all the invitations early this morning?

SPRIGGS—Yes, sir. An Guvner Jordan said to give ye his best regards.

WENTWORTH—Are there many people coming in on the trains?

SPRIGGS—Yes, sir; all de hotels an boardin houses is full, an evry train is loaded down to de trucks wid people comin to git homes.

WENTWORTH—Well, that is all at present. [*Exit SPRIGGS. WENTWORTH opens and reads telegrams and letters. Writes answer to one, reading aloud as he writes.*] Spencer Lincoln, — Springfield, Illinois: — I — thank — you — for — congratulations, — but — after — all — the — reforms — brought — about — in — Jefferson — are — not — so — great — as — many — people — may — imagine—. There

—is — no — good — reason — why — every — state — in — the — Union — should — not — own — and — operate — the — railways — within — its — boundaries. — For — years — we — railroad — men — have — marvelled — at — the — meekness — and — docility — of — the — people — in — submitting — to — the — most — exorbitant — extor- tions — and — flagrant — discriminations — in — the — matter — of — railway — charges. — In — regard — to — the — land — reform —, it — should — be — remembered — that — Blackstone — and — other — philosophic — writ- ers — on — law — long — ago — demonstrated — to — a — mathematical — certainty — that — there — is — no — real — or — defensible — title — to — land — other — than — the — natural — title — of — occupancy — and — use. — And — as — a — matter — of — fact — the — Indian — Territory — out — of — which — this — State — of — Jef- ferson — was — formed — never — did — recognize — any — title — other — than — the — just — title — of — occu- pancy — and — use; — but — the — spirit — and — pur- pose — of — the — law — were — in — many — cases — shamefully — violated — by — the — iniquitous — lease — system — that — was — inaugurated — by — the — white — people — who — invaded — the — Territory. [SPRIGGS enters and delivers communication from the State Directorate of Railways. WENTWORTH takes communication, and delivers to SPRIGGS telegrams and letters.] Give these to Mr. Ormsby. [Exit SPRIGGS. WENTWORTH opens communica- tion and reads aloud.] “You are hereby advised that the State Directorate of Railways have made a reduction of 50 per cent on all freight and passenger rates and telegraph tolls heretofore charged within the state, and that they have voted to tender to you the position of State Superintendent of Rail- ways on a salary of \$6,000 per year.” [Writes answer, and reads aloud as he writes.] Herbert Armand, Secretary: — I — thank — the — State — Directorate — of — Railways — for — their — tender — to — me — of — appointment — to — the — position — of — State — Superintendent — of — Railways, — but — beg — to — decline — the — position — and — take — the — liberty — of — recommending — in

— my stead, — Edward — Whitney, — the — present — efficient — Manager — of — the — Jefferson — roads. [*Taps bell. Enter SPRIGGS. Delivers to SPRIGGS reply to Directorate.*] Take this to the Secretary of the Railway Directorate. [*Exit SPRIGGS. WENTWORTH, glancing at open telegram on desk, proceeds to write reply, reading aloud as he writes.*] A. — H. — Stephens, — Jr., — Richmond, — Va.: — Yes — the — press — reports — are — true. — Any — one — can — now — secure — a — home — in — Jefferson, — and — all — railroad — rates — and — telegraph — tolls — have — already — been — reduced — one-half —. While — in — one — sense — the — changes — are — great, — you — will — no — doubt — be — surprised — to — learn — that — there — will — probably — be — no — actual — change — whatever — in — the — official — management — of — the — Jefferson — roads. — May — God — hasten — the — day — when — private — monopoly — of — public — utilities, — grasping — trusts — and — conscienceless — corporations, — will — be — things — of — the — past — in — all — the — states. [*Enter FENTON.*] How do you, do Fenton?

FENTON—Mr. Wentworth, our pledge is redeemed, and I have come for the evidences of our guilt.

WENTWORTH—[*Delivering the signed paper and the snap shot.*] Here they are—the paper, and the picture.

FENTON—I am a crushed and humbled man, sir. I feel that I shall never regain the footing lost by this false step. I scarcely realized the wickedness and criminality of my acts.

WENTWORTH—Don't speak of it, Fenton; at heart you are not a bad man. I have a good deal of charity for men of your class. For the past forty years the idiotic corporation legislation of this country has placed a premium on official dishonesty—and it's a wonder that a greater number of public servants have not lost their bearings.

FENTON—But the penitentiary was staring me in the face! I am disgraced! I have lost my self-respect!

WENTWORTH—Heavens and earth, man, isn't the penitentiary staring me in the face for compounding the felony! Here,

brace up! We crooks must stand together, or we will all be "pinched."

FENTON—[*Laughing in spite of himself, and regaining hope and courage.*] Mr. Wentworth, you present the matter in a new light to me. I have grievously erred, I know, but, with a high and firm resolve, I believe I shall yet be able to lead a clean and useful life.

WENTWORTH—Of course. Statutory crime doesn't always involve the deepest moral turpitude. Under human-made laws many a good man may be adjudged a criminal, while for some of the worst moral villainies there are often no legal penalties.

FENTON—[*Extending his hand to WENTWORTH.*] I have exposed my character to you, Mr. Wentworth, but I am glad of it. You have made a new man of me.

WENTWORTH—Goodbye, Fenton. Come and see me occasionally. Under the statutes of Jefferson, we'll have to change our ways a little, but we'll pull through all right. [*Exit FENTON. WENTWORTH, thoughtfully.*] Well, it's all in a lifetime! [*Exit with letter in hand. Enter HELEN and GERTRUDE.*]

HELEN—Well, Gertrude, is not this happy culmination worth the long wait?

GERTRUDE—Indeed it is, dear; and though I felt that your father must be right, it was difficult to make the heart obedient to the head.

HELEN—Yes, father's ways are hard to fathom, but time generally proves their wisdom and justice.

GERTRUDE—Do you think he is entirely reconciled to Mr. Jordan?

HELEN—Oh, yes; you may rest assured he esteems Governor Jordan very highly, else he would not have invited him to our home. [*Enter SPRIGGS, followed by SLOAN and JORDAN.*]

SPRIGGS—Mr. Sloan and Governor Jordan! [*Exit SPRIGGS. Pleasant greetings all around, and small talk.*]

HELEN—Mr. Jordan, this is the first opportunity we have had to congratulate you on your election.

JORDAN—I thank you, but the congratulations are due to your father. It is to the teachings and influence of his book that I owe my prominence, and the people of Jefferson owe him more than they can repay.

SLOAN—Yes, Mr. Jordan and I thought we were defending the people and opposing his interests, whereas we were mere instruments of his in the accomplishment of a great purpose.

GERTRUDE—But you were none the less able instruments.

HELEN—And let us not forget that father and you were all probably the instruments—let us hope worthy—of the source of all goodness.

JORDAN—Mr. Sloan, if we might have Miss Ralston's inspiring influence, to spur our ambition—

SLOAN—And Miss Wentworth's restraining influence to subdue false pride and remind us of our responsibilities—

JORDAN—We would not falter, and could not fail in any undertaking. [*Enter SPRIGGS, followed by WHITNEY.*]

SPRIGGS—Mr. Whitney! [*Exit SPRIGGS. Pleasant greetings all around, and small talk. Enter SPRIGGS, followed by CISSY. SPRIGGS with some ceremony, and exhibiting pride.*] Ladies and gentlemen, Cissy! [*Pleasant greetings all around, and small talk appropriate to the occasion. Exit SPRIGGS.*]

WHITNEY—Well, Cissy, you were pretty hard on us railroad men. What do you think of the "ole skinflint" now?

CISSY—Oh, I'm sorry I wuz agin Mr. Wentworth; he's a nice man. I see now I wuz too durn patriotic-like. [*Quickly realizes that she has used an improper expression, and is greatly embarrassed. Makes awkward and deprecatory curtsies to the ladies.*] Excuse me! Excuse me! Beg your pardon! [*Everybody laughs.*]

HELEN—Oh, never mind, Cissy; no offense.

GERTRUDE—[*Goes to CISSY and makes over her.*] We are glad to see you, Cissy, and Mr. Wentworth will be pleased to know that you have come. [*Enter WENTWORTH. Pleasant greetings all around and appropriate small talk. WENTWORTH center; JORDAN and GERTRUDE left center; SLOAN and HELEN right center; WHITNEY extreme right; CISSY extreme*

left. Enter SPRIGGS with message which he hands to WENTWORTH, and then takes place by CISSY.]

WENTWORTH—[*Reading message aloud.*] “The Railway Directorate of the State of Jefferson beg to announce that they have appointed to the position of State Superintendent of Railways, Mr. Edward Whitney of Centralia, on a salary of \$6,000 a year.”

SPRIGGS—Where do I come in in dis wreck of matter an crash of worlds? [*Everybody laughs.*]

WHITNEY—You shall be Inspector of Depots and Buildings, Spriggs, at a hundred a month. [SPRIGGS *bows and scrapes in acknowledgement.* WHITNEY *turns to WENTWORTH.*] I owe this to you, Mr. Wentworth.

WENTWORTH—No, you owe it primarily to your faithfulness in a position of great trust, and secondarily to “that infernal book,” but lastly to the generous appreciation of a free people.

JORDAN—[*To WENTWORTH.*] And in the name of that sovereign people, I invoke for you, sir, all the choicest blessings that should crown a noble life.

WENTWORTH—[*Exhibiting some feeling.*] In the name of the people! The people—when they are right—*Vox Populi, Vox Dei!*

Curtain.

THE END.

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